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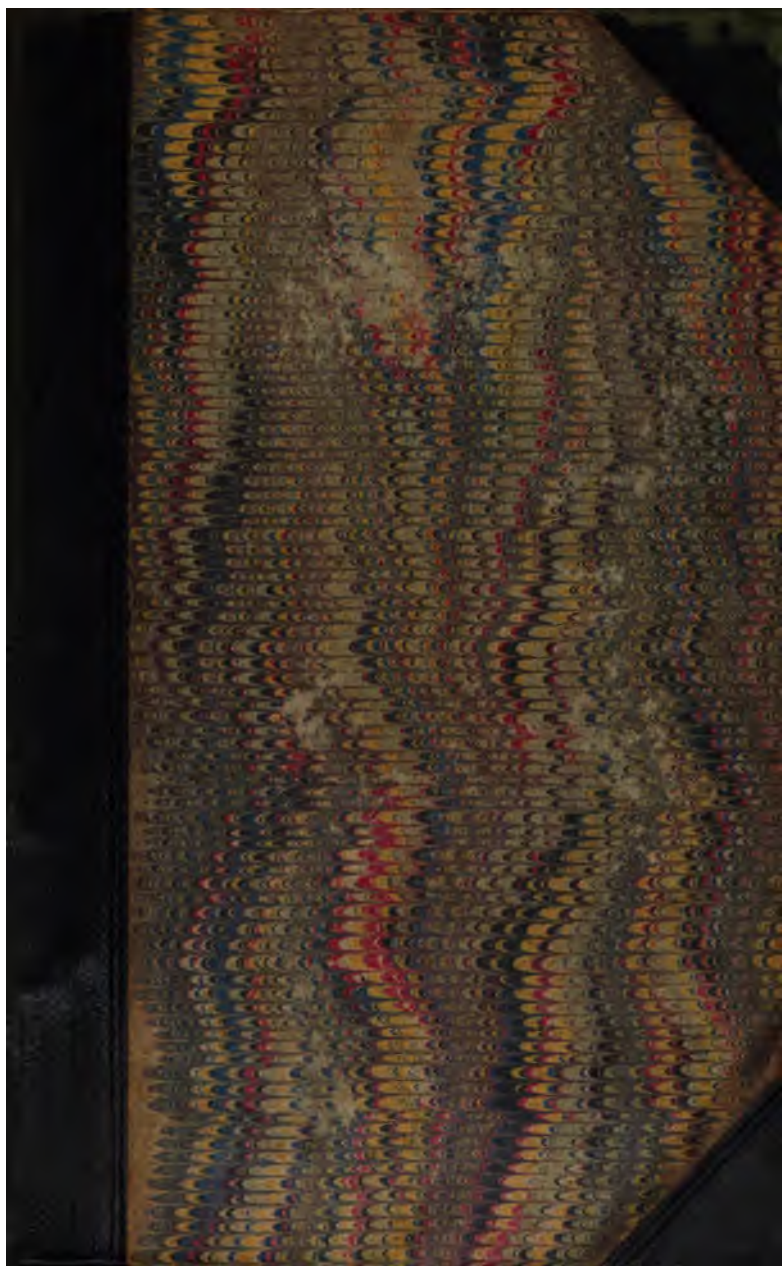
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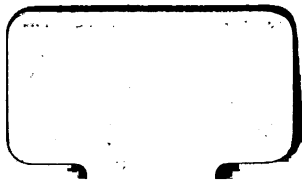
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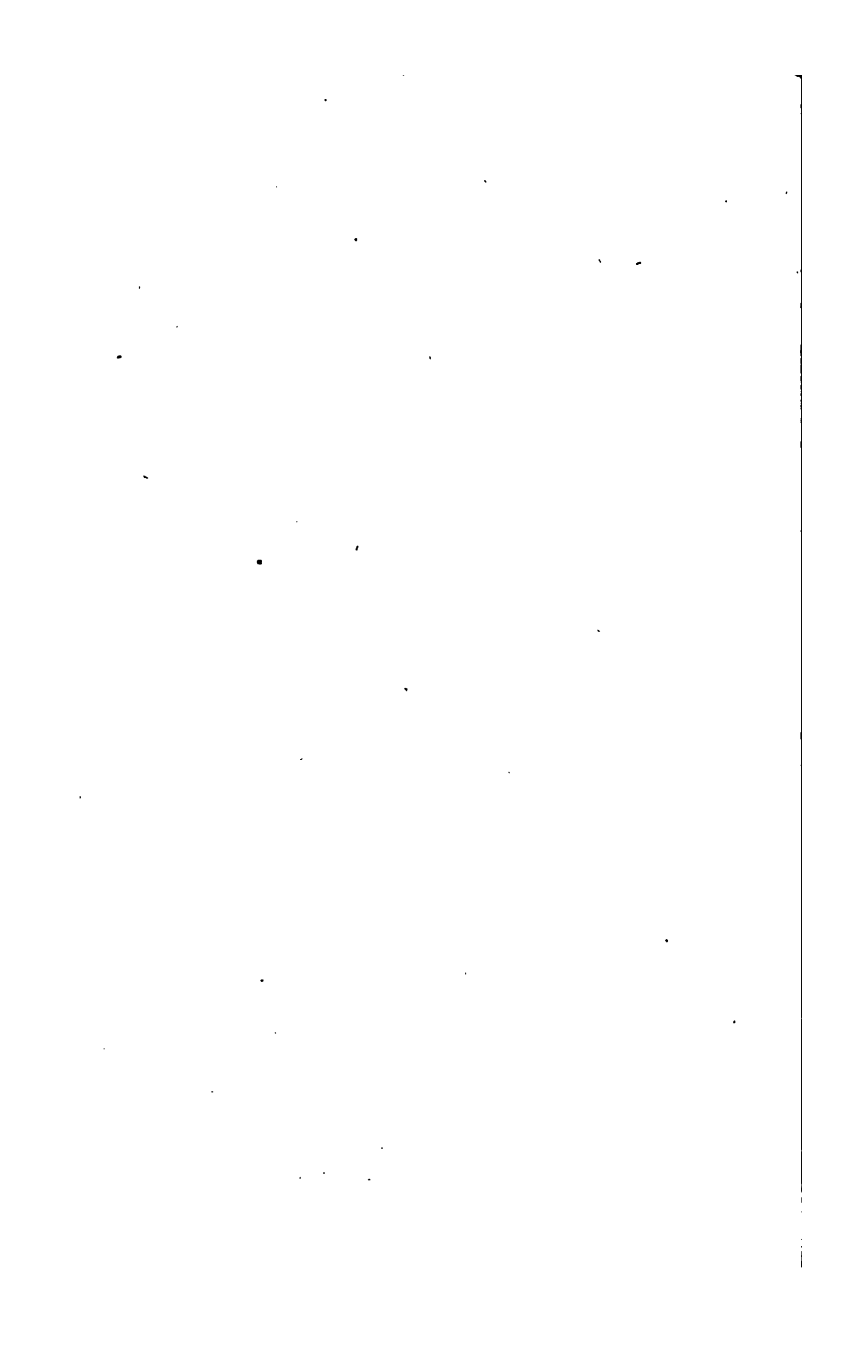
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One Hundred Volumes.

VOL. XLVI.





THE  
BRITISH POETS.

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IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

XLVI.

WATTS, VOL. II. YALDEN.

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CHISWICK:

Printed by C. Whittingham,  
COLLEGE HOUSE;

FOR J. CARPENTER, J. BOOKER, RODWELL AND MARTIN,  
G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER, R. TRIPHOOK, J. EBERS,  
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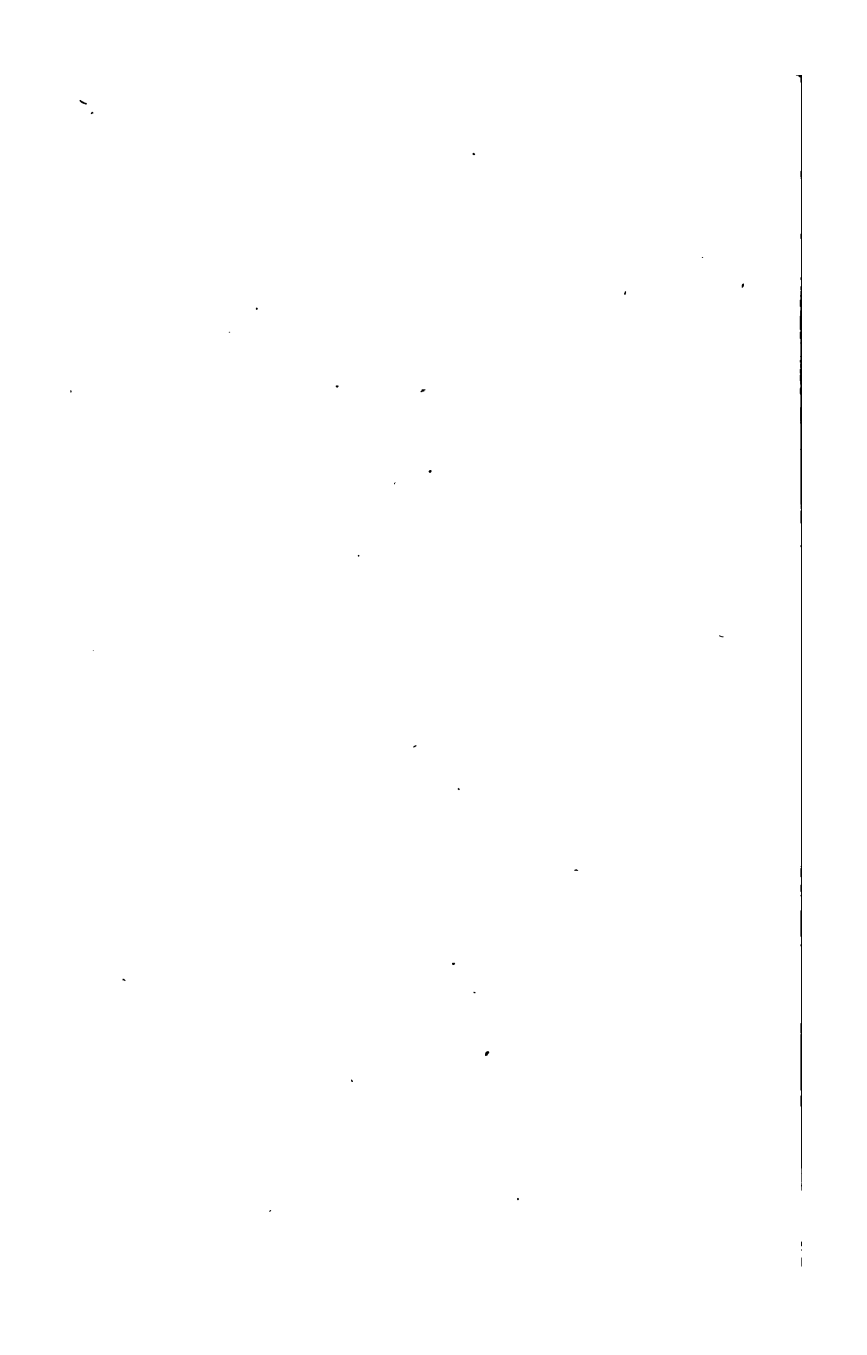
THE  
**POEMS**

OF

WATTS, VOL. II.—AND YALDEN.



**Chiswick :**  
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,  
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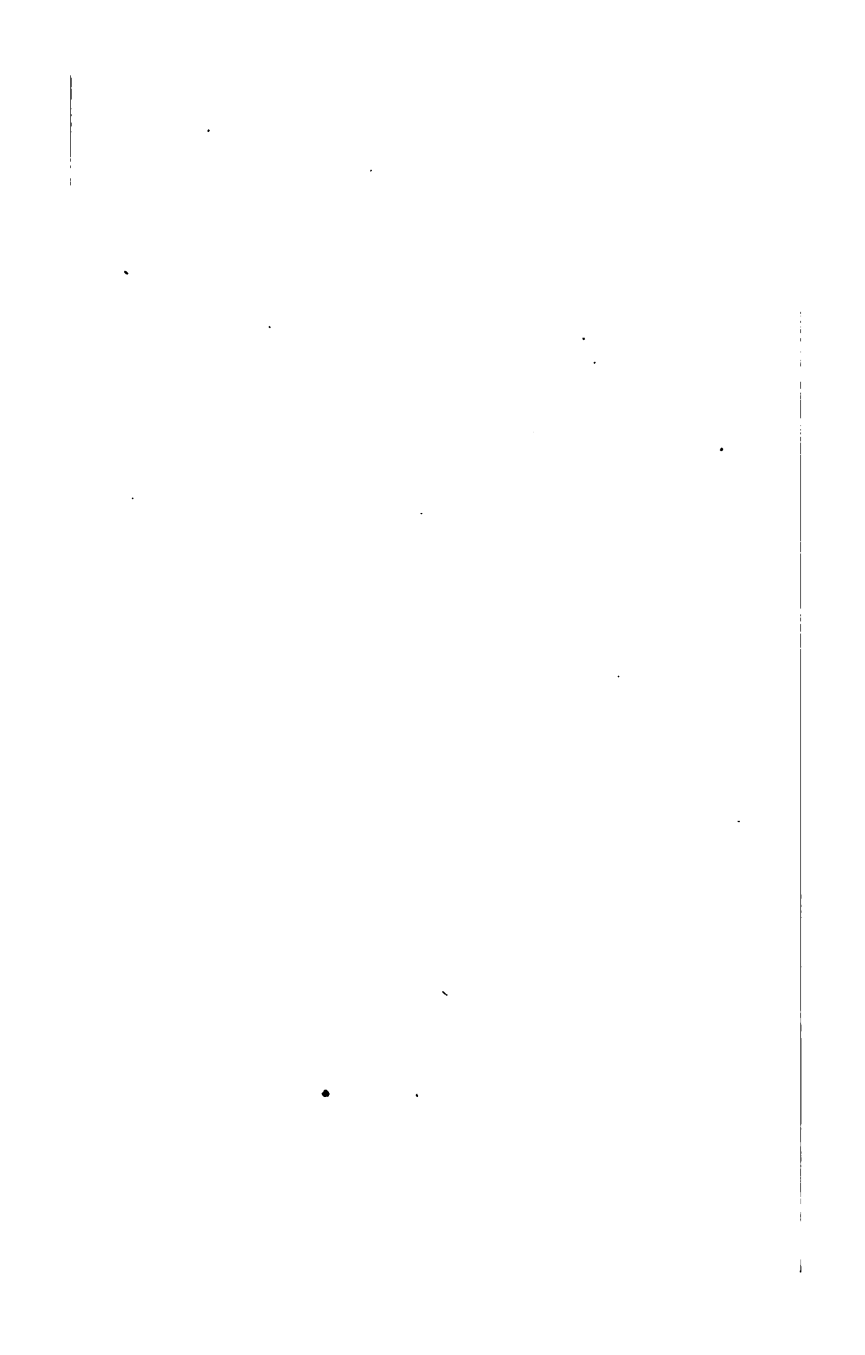
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THE  
POEMS  
OF  
Isaac Watts, D. D.

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VOL. II.



# HORÆ LYRICÆ.

---

*Continuation of*  
BOOK II.

---

Sacred to *Virtue, Honour, and Friendship.*

---

---

TO  
THE DISCONTENTED AND UNQUIET.

IMITATED PARTLY FROM CASIMIR, B. IV. OD. 15.

VARIA, there's nothing here that's free  
From wearisome anxiety ;  
And the whole round of mortal joys  
With short possession tires and cloy :  
'Tis a dull circle that we tread,  
Just from the window to the bed ;  
We rise to see, and to be seen,  
Gaze on the world a while, and then  
We yawn, and stretch to sleep again.  
But Fancy, that uneasy guest,  
Still holds a longing in our breast :  
She finds or frames vexations still,  
Herself the greatest plague we feel.

We take great pleasure in our pain,  
And make a mountain of a grain.  
Assume the load, and pant and sweat  
Beneath the' imaginary weight ;  
With our dear selves we live at strife,  
While the most constant scenes of life  
From peevish humours are not free :  
Still we affect variety :  
Rather than pass an easy day,  
We fret and chide the hours away ;  
Grow weary of this circling Sun,  
And vex that he should ever run  
The same old track ; and still, and still  
Rise red behind yon eastern hill ; .  
And chide the moon that darts her light  
Through the same casement every night.

We shift our chambers, and our homes,  
To dwell where trouble never comes :  
Sylvia has left the city crowd,  
Against the court exclaims aloud,  
Flies to the woods ; a hermit saint !  
She loathes her patches, pins, and paint ;  
Dear diamonds from her neck are torn ;  
But Humour, that eternal thorn,  
Sticks in her heart : she's hurried still,  
'Twixt her wild passions and her will ;  
Haunted and hagg'd where'er she roves,  
By purling streams and silent groves,  
Or with her Furies, or her Loves.

Then our native land we hate,  
Too cold, too windy, or too wet ;  
Change the thick climate, and repair  
To France or Italy for air ;

In vain we change, in vain we fly ;  
 Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling sky,  
 Or ride upon the feather'd wind!  
 In vain ; if this diseased mind  
 Clings fast, and still sits close behind.  
 Faithful disease, that never fails  
 Attendance at her lady's side,  
 Over the desert or the tide,  
 On rolling wheels or flying sails.

Happy the soul that Virtue shows  
 To fix the place of her repose,  
 Needless to move ; for she can dwell  
 In her old grandsire's hall as well.  
 Virtue that never loves to roam,  
 But sweetly hides herself at home :  
 And easy on a native throne  
 Of humble turf sits gently down.

Yet should tumultuous storms arise,  
 And mingle earth, and seas, and skies ;  
 Should the waves swell, and make her roll  
 Across the line, or near the pole,  
 Still she's at peace ; for well she knows  
 To launch the stream that duty shows,  
 And makes her home where'er she goes.  
 Bear her, ye seas, upon your breast,  
 Or waft her, winds, from east to west  
 On the soft air : she cannot find  
 A couch so easy as her mind,  
 Nor breathe a climate half so kind.



TO

JOHN HARTOPP, ESQ.

(AFTERWARDS SIR JOHN HARTOPP, BART.)

CASIMIR, B. I. OD. IV. IMITATED.

---

 Vive jacundæ metuens juventæ, &c.
 

---

JULY, 1700.

LIVE, my dear Hartopp, live to-day,  
 Nor let the Sun look down and sa—  
 ‘Inglorious here he lies;’  
 Shake off your ease, and send your name  
 To immortality and fame,  
 By every hour that flies.

Youth’s a soft scene, but trust her not :  
 Her airy minutes, swift as thought,  
 Slide off the slippery sphere;  
 Moons, with their months, make hasty rounds,  
 The Sun has pass’d his vernal bounds,  
 And whirls about the year.

Let Folly dress in green and red,  
 And gird her waist with flowing gold,  
 Knit blushing roses round her head ;  
 Alas ! the gaudy colours fade,  
 The garment waxes old :  
 Hartopp, mark the withering rose,  
 And the pale gold how dim it shows !

Bright and lasting bliss below  
 Is all romance and dream ;  
 Only the joys celestial flow  
 In an eternal stream :  
 The pleasures that the smiling day  
 With large right hand bestows,  
 Falsely her left conveys away  
 And shuffles in our woes.  
 So have I seen a mother play,  
 And cheat her silly child ;  
 She gave and took a toy away,  
 The infant cried and smiled.

Airy Chance and iron Fate  
 Hurry and vex our mortal state,  
 And all the race of ills create ;  
 Now fiery Joy, now sullen Grief,  
 Commands the reins of human life,  
 The wheels impetuous roll ;  
 The harness'd hours and minutes strive,  
 And days with stretching pinions drive  
 Down fiercely on the goal,

Not half so fast the galley flies  
 O'er the Venetian sea,  
 When sails, and oars, and labouring skies,  
 Contend to make her way,  
 Swift wings for all the flying hours  
 The God of time prepares ;  
 The rest lie still yet in their nest,  
 And grow for future years.

## TO THE SAME.

*The Disdain.*

1700.

HARTOPP, I love the soul that dares  
Tread the temptations of his years  
    Beneath his youthful feet:  
Fleetwood, and all thy heavenly line,  
Look through the stars, and smile divine,  
    Upon an heir so great.

Young Hartopp knows this noble theme,  
That the wild scenes of busy life,  
The noise, the' amusements, and the strife,  
Are but the visions of the night,  
Gay phantoms of delusive light,  
    Or a vexatious dream.

Flesh is the vilest and the least  
    Ingredient of our frame:  
We're born to live above the beast,  
    Or quit the manly name.  
Pleasures of sense we leave for boys:  
Be shining dust the miser's food;  
Let Fancy feed on fame and noise,  
Souls must pursue diviner joys,  
    And seize the' immortal good.

TO THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

1703.

Happy Solitude.

CASIMIR, BOOK IV. ODE 12, IMITATED.

---

Quid me latentem, &c.

---

THE noisy world complains of me,  
That I should shun their sight, and flee  
Visits, and crowds, and company :  
Gunston, the lark dwells in her nest  
Till she ascends the skies,  
And in my closet I could rest  
Till to the Heavens I rise.

Yet they will urge, ' This private life  
Can never make you bless'd,  
And twenty doors are still at strife  
To' engage you for a guest.'  
Friend, should the towers of Windsor or Whitehall  
Spread open their inviting gates,  
To make my entertainment gay ;  
I would obey the royal call,  
But short should be my stay :  
Since a diviner service waits [day.  
To' employ my hours at home, and better fill the  
When I within myself retreat,  
I shut my doors against the great ;

My busy eyeballs inward roll,  
And there with large survey I see  
All the wide theatre of me,  
And view the various scenes of my retiring soul ;  
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,  
While hope and fear are in a doubtful strife,  
Whether this opera of life  
Be acted well to gain the plaudit of my God.

There 's a day hastening, ('tis an awful day!)  
When the great Sovereign shall at large review  
All that we speak, and all we do,  
The several parts we act on this wide stage of clay :  
These he approves, and those he blames,  
And crowns perhaps a porter, and a prince he  
damns.

O! if the Judge from his tremendous seat  
Shall not condemn what I have done,  
I shall be happy though unknown ;  
Nor heed the gazing rabble, nor the shouting street.

I hate the glory, friend, that springs  
From vulgar breath, and empty sound !  
Fame mounts her upward with a flattering gale  
Upon her airy wings,  
Till Envy shoots, and Fame receives the wound ;  
Then her flagging pinions fail,  
Down Glory falls, and strikes the ground,  
And breaks her batter'd limbs.  
Rather let me be quite conceal'd from Fame ;  
How happy I should lie  
In sweet obscurity,  
Nor the loud world pronounce my little name !

Here I could live and die alone!  
 Or if society be due  
 To keep our taste of pleasure new,  
 Gunston, I'd live and die with you,  
 For both our souls are one.

Here we could sit and pass the hour,  
 And pity kingdoms, and their kings,  
 And smile at all their shining things,  
 Their toys of state, and images of power;  
 Virtue should dwell within our seat,  
 Virtue alone could make it sweet,  
 Nor is herself secure, but in a close retreat.  
 While she withdraws from public praise  
 Envy perhaps would cease to rail,  
 Envy itself may innocently gaze  
 At beauty in a veil;  
 But if she once advance to light,  
 Her charms are lost in Envy's sight,  
 And Virtue stands the mark of universal spite.

---

## TO MITIO, MY FRIEND.

### An Epistle.

FORGIVE me, Mitio, that there should be any mortifying lines in the following poems inscribed to you, so soon after your entrance into that state which was designed for the completest happiness on earth: but you will quickly discover that the Muse in the first poem only represents the shades and dark colours that melancholy throws upon

love and the social life. In the second, perhaps, she indulges her own bright ideas a little: yet, if the accounts are but well balanced at last, and things set in a due light, I hope there is no ground for censure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of the most important concerns of human nature in verse, and that with a solemnity becoming the argument. I have banished grimace and ridicule, that persons of the most serious character may read without offence. What was written several years ago to yourself is now permitted to entertain the world; but you may assume it to yourself as a private entertainment still, while you lie concealed behind a feigned name.

---

## PART I.

### THE MOURNING-PIECE.

LIFE'S a long tragedy: the globe the stage,  
Well fix'd and well adorn'd with strong machines,  
Gay fields, and skies, and seas: the actors many:  
The plot immense: a flight of demons sit  
On every sailing cloud with fatal purpose;  
And shoot across the scenes ten thousand arrows  
Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,  
With sorrow, infamy, disease, and death.  
The pointed plagues fly silent through the air,  
Nor twangs the bow, yet sure and deep the wound.  
Dianthe acts her little part alone,  
Nor wishes an associate. Lo! she glides  
Single through all the storm, and more secure;

Less are her dangers, and her breast receives  
 The fewest darts. ' But, O, my loved Marilla,  
 My sister, once my friend, (Dianthe cries)  
 How much art thou exposed ! Thy growing soul,  
 Doubled in wedlock, multiplied in children,  
 Stands but the broader mark for all the mischiefs  
 That rove promiscuous o'er the mortal stage  
 Children, those dear young limbs, those tenderest  
 pieces

Of your own flesh, those little other selves,  
 How they dilate the heart to wide dimensions,  
 And soften every fibre to improve  
 The mother's sad capacity of pain !  
 I mourn Fidelio too ; though Heaven has chose  
 A favourite mate for him, of all her sex  
 The pride and flower : how bless'd the lovely pair  
 Beyond expression, if well mingled loves,  
 And woes well mingled, could improve our bliss !  
 Amidst the rugged cares of life behold  
 The father and the husband ; flattering names,  
 That spread his title, and enlarge his share  
 Of common wretchedness. He fondly hopes  
 To multiply his joys, but every hour  
 Renews the disappointment and the smart.  
 There 's not a wound afflicts the meanest joint  
 Of his fair partner, or her infant train,  
 (Sweet babes !) but pierces to his inmost soul.  
 Strange is thy power, O Lord ! what numerous  
 veins,

And arteries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,  
 Are link'd and fasten'd to a lover's heart,  
 By strong but secret strings ; with vain attempt  
 We put the stoic on, in vain we try  
 To break the ties of nature and of blood ;



Those hidden threads maintain the dear communion

Inviolably firm : their thrilling motions  
 Reciprocal give endless sympathy,  
 In all the bitters and the sweets of life.  
 Thrice happy man, if Pleasure only knew  
 These avenues of Love to reach our souls,  
 And Pain had never found them !'

Thus sang the tuneful maid, fearful to try  
 The bold experiment. Oft Daphnis came,  
 And oft Narcissus, rivals of her heart ;  
 Luring her eyes with trifles dipp'd in gold,  
 And the gay silken bondage. Firm she stood,  
 And bold repulsed the bright temptation still,  
 Nor put the chains on ; dangerous to try,  
 And hard to be dissolved. Yet rising tears  
 Sat on her eyelids, while her numbers flow'd  
 Harmonious sorrow ; and the pitying drops  
 Stole down her cheeks, to mourn the hapless state  
 Of mortal love. Love, thou best blessing sent  
 To soften life, and make our iron cares  
 Easy ; but thy own cares, of softer kind,  
 Give sharper wounds ; they lodge too near the heart ;  
 Beat, like the pulse, perpetual ; and create  
 A strange uneasy sense, a tempting pain.

Say, my companion Mitio, speak sincere,  
 (For thou art learned now) what anxious thoughts,  
 What kind perplexities tumultuous rise,  
 If but the absence of a day divide  
 Thee from thy fair beloved ! Vainly smiles  
 The cheerful Sun, and Night with radiant eyes  
 Twinkles in vain : the region of thy soul  
 Is darkness, till thy better star appear.  
 Tell me, what toil, what torment, to sustain

The rolling burden of the tedious hours !  
The tedious hours are ages. Fancy roves  
Restless in fond inquiry, nor believes  
Charissa safe : Charissa, in whose life  
Thy life consists, and in her comfort thine.  
Fear and surmise put on a thousand forms  
Of dear disquietude, and round thine ears  
Whisper ten thousand dangers, endless woes,  
Till thy frame shudders at her fancied death ;  
Then dies my Mitio, and his blood creeps cold  
Through every vein. Speak, does the stranger Muse  
Cast happy guesses at the unknown passion,  
Or has she fabled all ? Inform me, friend,  
Are half thy joys sincere ? Thy hopes fulfill'd,  
Or frustrate ? Here commit thy secret griefs  
To faithful ears, and be they buried here  
In friendship and oblivion ; lest they spoil  
Thy new-born pleasures with distasteful gall.  
Nor let thine eye too greedily drink in  
The frightful prospect, when untimely Death  
Shall make wide inroads on a parent's heart,  
And his dear offspring to the cruel grave  
Are dragg'd in sad succession, while his soul  
Is torn away piece-meal : thus dies the wretch  
A various death, and frequent ; ere he quit  
The theatre, and make his exit final.

But if his dearest half, his faithful mate  
Survive, and in the sweetest saddest airs  
Of love and grief, approach with trembling hand  
To close his swimming eyes : what double pangs,  
What racks, what twinges rend his heart-strings off  
From the fair bosom of that fellow-dove  
He leaves behind to mourn ? what jealous cares  
Hang on his parting soul, to think his love

Exposed to wild oppression, and the herd  
 Of savage men! So parts the dying turtle  
 With sobbing accents, with such sad regret  
 Leaves his kind feather'd mate: the widow bird  
 Wanders in lonesome shades, forgets her food,  
 Forgets her life; or falls a speedier prey  
 To talon'd falcons, and the crooked beak  
 Of hawks athirst for blood.————

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 PART II.

## THE BRIGHT VISION.

THUS far the Muse, in unaccustom'd mood,  
 And strains unpleasing to a lover's ear,  
 Indulged a gloom of thought: and thus she sang  
 Partial; for Melancholy's hateful form  
 Stood by in sable robe: the pensive Muse  
 Survey'd the darksome scenes of life, and sought  
 Some bright relieving glimpse, some cordial ray  
 In the fair world of love: but while she gazed  
 Delightful on the state of twin-born souls  
 United, bless'd, the cruel shade applied  
 A dark long tube, and a false tintured glass  
 Deceitful; blending love and life at once  
 In darkness, chaos, and the common mass  
 Of misery: now Urania feels the cheat,  
 And breaks the hated optic in disdain.  
 Swift vanishes the sullen form, and lo!  
 The scene shines bright with bliss: behold the place  
 Where mischiefs never fly, cares never come,  
 With wrinkled brow, nor anguish, nor disease,  
 Nor malice forky-tongued. On this dear spot,  
 Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy station,

To act thy part of life, serene and bless'd  
 With thy fair consort fitted to thy heart.

Sure 'tis a vision of that happy grove  
 Where the first authors of our mournful race  
 Lived in sweet partnership! one hour they lived,  
 But changed the tasted bliss (imprudent pair!)  
 For sin and shame, and this vast wilderness  
 Of briars, and nine hundred years of pain.

The wishing Muse new-dresses the fair garden  
 Amid this desert world, with budding bliss,  
 And evergreens, and balms, and flowery beauties,  
 Without one dangerous tree; there heavenly dews,  
 Nightly descending, shall impearl the grass  
 And verdant herbage; drops of fragrancy  
 Sit trembling on the spires: the spicy vapours  
 Rise with the dawn, and through the air diffused  
 Salute your waking senses with perfume:

While vital fruits, with their ambrosial juice,  
 Renew life's purple flood and fountain, pure  
 From vicious taint; and with your innocence  
 immortalize the structure of your clay.

On this new Paradise the cloudless skies  
 Shall smile perpetual, while the lamp of day  
 With flames unsullied (as the fabled torch  
 Of Hymen) measures out your golden hours  
 Along his azure road. The nuptial moon,  
 In milder rays serene, should rightly rise  
 Full orb'd, (if Heaven and Nature will indulge  
 So fair an emblem) big with silver joys,  
 And still forget her wane. The feather'd choir,  
 Warbling their Maker's praise on early wing,  
 Or perch'd on evening bough, shall join your  
 worship,

Join your sweet vespers, and the morning song.

O sacred symphony! hark, through the grove  
 I hear the sound divine! I'm all attention,  
 All ear, all ecstasy; unknown delight!  
 And the fair Muse proclaims the Heaven below.

Not the seraphic minds of high degree  
 Disdain converse with men: again returning,  
 I see the' ethereal host on downward wing.  
 Lo, at the eastern gate young cherubs stand  
 Guardians, commission'd to convey their joys  
 To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,  
 Go taste their banquet, learn the nobler pleasures  
 Supernal, and from brutal dregs refined.  
 Raphael shall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts  
 And intellectual bliss. 'Twas Raphael taught  
 The patriarch of our progeny the' affairs  
 Of Heaven: (so Milton sings, enlighten'd bard!  
 Nor miss'd his eyes, when in sublimest strain  
 The angel's great narration he repeats  
 To Albion's sons high favour'd) thou shalt learn  
 Celestial lessons from his awful tongue;  
 And with soft grace and interwoven loves  
 (Grateful digression) all his words rehearse  
 To thy Charissa's ear, and charm her soul.  
 Thus with divine discourse, in shady bowers  
 Of Eden, our first father entertained  
 Eve, his sole auditress; and deep dispute  
 With conjugal caresses on her lip  
 Solved easy, and abstrusest thoughts reveal'd.

Now the day wears apace, now Mitio comes  
 From his bright tutor, and finds out his mate.  
 Behold the dear associates seated low  
 On humble turf, with rose and myrtle strow'd;  
 But high their conference! how self-sufficed  
 Lives their Eternal Maker, girt around

With glories ; arm'd with thunders ; and his throne  
 Mortal access forbids, projecting far  
 Splendours unsufferable and radiant death.  
 With reverence and abasement deep they fall  
 Before his Sovereign Majesty, to pay  
 Due worship : then his mercy on their souls  
 Smiles with a gentler ray, but sovereign still ;  
 And leads their meditation and discourse  
 Long ages backward, and across the seas  
 To Bethlehem of Judah : there the Son,  
 The filial Godhead, character express  
 Of brightness inexpressible, laid by  
 His beamy robes, and made descent to earth ;  
 Sprung from the sons of Adam he became  
 A second father, studious to regain  
 Lost Paradise for men, and purchase Heaven.

The lovers with endearment mutual thus  
 Promiscuous talk'd, and questions intricate  
 His manly judgment still resolved, and still  
 Held her attention fix'd : she musing sat  
 On the sweet mention of Incarnate Love,  
 Till rapture waked her voice to softest strains :—  
 ' She sang the infant God ; (mysterious theme!)  
 How vile his birth-place, and his cradle vile !  
 The ox and ass his mean companions ; there  
 In habit vile the shepherds flock around,  
 Saluting the great mother, and adore  
 Israel's anointed king, the' appointed heir  
 Of the creation. How debased he lies  
 Beneath his regal state ; for thee, my Mitio,  
 Debased in servile form ; but angels stood  
 Ministering round their charge with folded wings  
 Obsequious, though unseen ; while lightsome hours  
 Fulfill'd the day, and the gray evening rose.

Then the fair guardians, hovering o'er his head  
 Wakeful all night, drive the foul spirits far,  
 And with their fanning pinions purge the air  
 From busy phantoms, from infectious damps,  
 And impure taint; while their ambrosial plumes  
 A dewy slumber on his senses shed.

Alternate hymns the heavenly watchers sung  
 Melodious soothing the surrounding shades,  
 And kept the darkness chaste and holy. Then  
 Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes  
 Wonder'd to see their mighty Maker sleep.  
 Behold the glooms disperse, the rosy Morn  
 Smiles in the east with eyelids opening fair,  
 But not so fair as thine; O, I could fold thee,  
 My young Almighty, my Creator babe,  
 For ever in these arms! for ever dwell  
 Upon thy lovely form with gazing joy,  
 And every pulse should beat seraphic love!  
 Around my seat should crowding cherubs come  
 With swift ambition, zealous to attend  
 Their prince, and form a Heaven below the sky.'

'Forbear, Charissa, O forbear the thought  
 Of female fondness, and forgive the man  
 That interrupts such melting harmony!  
 Thus Mitio; and awakes her nobler powers  
 To pay just worship to the sacred King,  
 Jesus, the God; nor with devotion pure  
 Mix the caresses of her softer sex;  
 (Vain blandishment!) 'Come, turn thine eyes aside  
 From Bethlehem, and climb up the doleful steep  
 Of bloody Calvary, where naked skulls  
 Pave the sad road, and fright the traveller.  
 Can my beloved bear to trace the feet  
 Of her Redeemer, panting up the hill

Hard-burden'd? can thy heart attend his cross?  
 Nail'd to the cruel wood he groans, he dies!  
 For thee he dies. Beneath thy sins and mine  
 (Horrible load!) the sinless Saviour groans,  
 And in fierce anguish of his soul expires;  
 Adoring angels pry with bending head,  
 Searching the deep contrivance, and admire  
 This infinite design. Here peace is made  
 Twixt God the Sovereign, and the rebel man:  
 Here Satan, overthrown with all his hosts,  
 In second ruin rages and despairs;  
 Malice itself despairs. The captive prey,  
 Long held in slavery, hopes a sweet release;  
 And Adam's ruin'd offspring shall revive,  
 Thus ransom'd from the greedy jaws of Death.'

The fair disciple heard; her passions move  
 Harmonious to the great discourse, and breathe  
 Refined devotion: while new smiles of love  
 Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees  
 Read o'er the covenant of eternal life  
 Brought down to men; seal'd by the sacred Three  
 In Heaven; and seal'd on Earth with God's own  
 blood.

Here they unite their names again, and sign  
 Those peaceful articles. (Hail, bless'd co-heirs  
 Celestial! ye shall grow to manly age,  
 And spite of Earth and Hell, in season due  
 Possess the fair inheritance above.)  
 With joyous admiration they survey  
 The Gospel treasures infinite, unseen  
 By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard.  
 And unconceived by thought: riches divine  
 And honours which the' Almighty Father God  
 Pour'd with immense profusion on his Son,



High treasurer of Heaven. The Son bestows  
The life, the love, the blessing, and the joy,  
On bankrupt mortals, who believe and love  
His name. 'Then, my Charissa, all is thine.'—  
'And thine, my Mitio, (the fair saint replies.)  
Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,  
And place, and time, are ours; and things to come,  
And past, and present, for our interest stands  
Firm in our mystic head, the title sure.  
'Tis for our health and sweet refreshment (while  
We sojourn, strangers, here) the fruitful earth  
Bears plenteous; and revolving seasons still  
Dress her vast globe in various ornament.  
For us this cheerful Sun and cheerful light  
Diurnal shine. This blue expanse of sky  
Hangs a rich canopy above our heads,  
Covering our slumbers, all with starry gold  
Inwrought, when night alternates her return.  
For us Time wears his wings out: Nature keeps  
Her wheels in motion: and her fabric stands.  
Glories, beyond our ken of mortal sight,  
Are now preparing, and a mansion fair  
Awaits us, where the saints unbodied live.  
Spirits released from clay, and purged from sin:  
Thither our hearts with most incessant wish  
Panting aspire; when shall that dearest hour  
Shine and release us hence, and bear us high,  
Bear us at once unsever'd, to our better home?'  
O bless'd connubial state! O happy pair,  
Envi'd by yet unsociated souls  
Who seek their faithful twins! your pleasures rise,  
Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,  
Fervent as glorious noon, serenely calm  
As summer evenings. The vile sons of Earth

Groveling in dust with all their noisy jars  
 Restless, shall interrupt your joys no more  
 Than barking animals affright the Moon  
 Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.  
 Friendship and Love shall undistinguish'd reign  
 O'er all your passions with unrival'd sway,  
 Mutual and everlasting: Friendship knows  
 No property in good, but all things common  
 That each possesses, as the light or air  
 In which we breathe and live: there's not one  
 thought  
 Can lurk in close reserve, no barriers fix'd,  
 But every passage open as the day  
 To one another's breast, and inmost mind.  
 Thus by communion your delight shall grow,  
 Thus streams of mingled bliss swell higher as  
 they flow, [glow.  
 Thus angels mix their flames, and more divinely

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PART III.

THE ACCOUNT BALANCED.

SHOULD Sovereign Love before me stand,  
 With all his train of pomp and state;  
 And bid the daring Muse relate  
 His comforts and his cares;  
 Mitio, I would not ask the sand  
 For metaphors to' express their weight,  
 Nor borrow numbers from the stars:  
 Thy cares and comforts, Sovereign Love,  
 Vastly outweigh the sand below,  
 And to a larger audit grow  
 Than all the stars above.

Thy mighty losses and thy gains  
 Are their own mutual measures ;  
 Only the man that knows thy pains  
 Can reckon up thy pleasures.

Say, Damon, say how bright the scene ;  
 Damon is half-divinely bless'd,  
 Leaning his head on his Florella's breast,  
 Without a jealous thought, or busy care between :  
 Then the sweet passions mix and share ;  
 Florella tells thee all her heart,  
 Nor can thy soul's remotest part  
 Conceal a thought or wish from the beloved fair.  
 Say, what a pitch thy pleasures fly,  
 When friendship all sincere grows up to ecstasy ;  
 Nor Self contracts the bliss, nor Vice pollutes the  
 joy?

While thy dear offspring round thee sit,  
 Or sporting innocently at thy feet,  
 Thy kindest thoughts engage :  
 Those little images of thee,  
 What pretty toys of youth they be,  
 And growing props of age!

But short is earthly bliss! the changing wind  
 Blows from the sickly South, and brings  
 Malignant fevers on its sultry wings,  
 Relentless Death sits close behind :  
 Now gasping infants, and a wife in tears,  
 With piercing groans salute his ears,  
 Through every vein the thrilling torments roll ;  
 While sweet and bitter are at strife  
 In those dear nurseries of life,  
 Those tenderest pieces of his bleeding soul.

The pleasing sense of love a while,  
Mix'd with the heart-ache, may the pain beguile,  
And make a feeble fight :  
Till sorrows like a gloomy deluge rise,  
Then every smiling passion dies,  
And Hope alone with wakeful eyes, [light.  
Darkling and solitary waits the slow-returning

Here then let my ambition rest,  
May I be moderately bless'd  
When I the laws of Love obey :  
Let but my pleasure and my pain  
In equal balance ever reign,  
Or mount by turns and sink again,  
And share just measures of alternate sway.  
So Damon lives, and ne'er complains ;  
Scarce can we hope diviner scenes  
On this dull stage of clay :  
The tribes beneath the northern Bear  
Submit to darkness half the year,  
Since half the year is day.

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ON THE DEATH OF  
THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,

JUST AFTER MR. DRYDEN, 1700.

An Epigram.

DRYDEN is dead, Dryden alone could sing  
The full-grown glories of a future king.  
Now Glo'ster dies : thus lesser heroes live  
By that immortal breath that poets give ;

Amplexus solitosve ; artus nudatus amictu  
 Sidereos, et sponte sinum patefactus ad iras  
 Numinis armati. ' Pater hic infige ' sagittas,  
 Hæc, (ait) iratum sorbebunt pectora ferrum,  
 Abluat æthereus mortalia crimina sanguis.'

Dixit, et horrendum fremuère tonitrua cœli,  
 Infensusque Deus ; (quem jam potuisse paternum  
 Musa queri vellet nomen, sed et ipsa fragores  
 Ad tantos pavefacta silet), Jam dissilit æther,  
 Pandunturque fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,  
 Ira, et pœnarum thesauros mille coercet,  
 Inde ruunt gravidi vesano sulphure nimbi,  
 Centuplicisque volant contorta volumina flammæ  
 In caput immeritum ; diro hic sub pondere pressus  
 Restat, compressos dumque ardens explicat artus  
 Purpureo vestes tinctæ sudore madescunt<sup>1</sup>.  
 Nec tamen infando Vindex Regina labori  
 Segniùs incumbit, sed lassos increpat ignes  
 Acriter, et somno languentem suscitât<sup>2</sup> ensem :  
 ' Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, et imbue sacro  
 Flumine mucronem : Vos hinc, mea spicula, latè  
 Ferrea per totum dispergite tormina Christum,  
 Immensum tolerare valet ; ad pondera pœnæ  
 Sustentanda hominem suffulciet incola Numen.  
 Et tu sacra Decas legum, violata tabella,  
 Ebibe vindictam ; vastâ satiabere cæde,  
 Mortalis culpæ pensabit dedecus ingenis  
 Permistus Deitate cruor.'——

Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextrâ  
 Dilaniatque sinus ; sancti penetralia cordis  
 Panduntur, sævis avidas dolor involat alis,  
 Atque audax mentem scrutator, et ilia mordet ;

<sup>1</sup> Job iv. 6.<sup>2</sup> Luke xxii. 44.<sup>3</sup> Zech. xiii. 7.

Intereà servator<sup>4</sup> ovat, victorque doloris  
 Eminet, illustri<sup>5</sup> perfusus membra cruore,  
 Exultatque miser fieri; nam fortius illum  
 Urget Patris honos, et non vincenda voluptas.  
 Servandi miseros sontes; O nobilis ardor  
 Pœnarum! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis  
 Durus amor? Quid non cœlestia?

At subsidat phantasia, vanescant imagines; nescio quo me proripuit amens Musa: volui quatuor lineas pedibus astringere, et ecce! numeri crescunt in immensum; dumque concitato genio laxavi fræna, vereor ne juvenilis impetus theologium læserit, et audax nimis imaginatio. Heri adlata est ad me epistola indicans matrem meliuscule se habere, licet ignis febrilis non prorsus deseruit mortale ejus domicilium. Plura volui, sed turgidi et crescentes versus noluere plura, et coarctârunt scriptionis limites. Vale, amice frater, et in studio pietatis et artis medicæ strenuus decurre.

*Datum à Museo meo Londini xvto Kalend. Febr.  
 Anno Salutis 1693.*

Translation. By Dr. Gibbons.

A LETTER FROM ISAAC WATTS,  
 TO HIS BROTHER RICHARD WATTS, WISHING HIM  
 PEACE AND SAFETY IN GOD.

DEAR BROTHER,  
 I HAD a second receipt of a letter from you perhaps in the very moment in which mine came to

<sup>4</sup> Col. ii. 15.

<sup>5</sup> Luke xxii. 24.

hand ; and the very day in which you were writing to me was the same which awakened my pen to the discharge of its epistolary duty to you. We bear not the fraternal name in vain, for the same spirit possesses, inspires, and produces the most harmonious movements in us. May our mutual esteem every day increase and flourish ! God grant his love may purify and kindle our souls ! thus shall we in a divine manner burn with reciprocal flames of friendship. Let us contemplate our Saviour, that celestial and adorable example of love.

---

THE SON of God, descending from the skies,  
 Assumed an human form, that in our flesh  
 He might endure the agonizing pains  
 Due to our crimes : our surety he became,  
 Transferring to himself each baleful curse  
 Of Heaven's vindictive, death-denouncing law,  
 And made our guilt and punishment his own.

See him deserted on the naked ground,  
 And kneeling on the sod extend his hands,  
 And lift his placid countenance to the skies  
 With conscious innocence, but not to' enjoy,  
 As he was wont, his heavenly Father's smiles,  
 And kind embraces. See his godlike form  
 Exposed to night's cold blast, and see his breast  
 By his own hands expanded to the stroke  
 Of Deity in arms. ' Here, here, (he cries)  
 O Father, plant thy darts, here plunge thy sword  
 Flaming and edged for slaughter: blood divine  
 Has power to expiate the crimes of men.'

He said: the' Omnipotent in terror rose,  
 And launch'd the rattling thunders from his hand

(Now might the Muse in melting lays bemoan  
 The Father's tender name extinct and lost,  
 But the unsufferable noise affrights,  
 Confounds her, and in silence seals her tongue.)

The skies asunder rend, the doors expand,  
 Where Vengeance in its iron prison dwells,  
 And in a thousand penal terrors reigns.  
 Swift issue huge conglomerated clouds  
 Fraught with outrageous sulphur: lightnings  
 thence,

All arm'd with tortures exquisitely keen,  
 Voluminous, uninterrupted rush  
 Down on his guiltless head. The wrath immense  
 He firmly suffers, though beneath his pangs  
 The blood reluctant quits its well-known roads,  
 And bathes his limbs in gore, the purple sweat  
 In big round drops descending to the ground.

Still, still the 'avenging Queen ' her direful work  
 Plies with redoubled fury, loudly chides  
 The lagging fire, and wakes her lingering sword  
 To more than sevenfold rage. ' Arise, (she cries)  
 And in Immanuel's bosom sheathe thy blade  
 And drink his sacred blood: my keenest shafts,  
 With all your iron torments wound his heart:  
 He can endure them all, the ' indwelling God  
 Supports the weak humanity to bear  
 The weight of sorrows due to human guilt:  
 And thou, most holy law of stamp divine,  
 Broken, insulted by the sins of men,  
 Here take full recompense for all thy wrongs.  
 See the full expiation! See the blood,  
 Ordain'd thine injured honours to restore,  
 Merit unknown from Deity acquire.' [rage

Thus Vengeance spoke, and with remorseless

<sup>1</sup> Divine Justice, or Vengeance.



Transfix'd his heart, and gash'd him o'er with  
The inmost deep recesses of his soul [wounds.  
Thrown open, Anguish there on cruel wing  
Alights, and, like an hungry vulture, tears  
And preys upon his heart-strings, but, amidst  
The' unparallel'd distress, the Son of God  
Superior shines, defies the fiercest pangs,  
And triumphs in his woes. Heroic zeal  
For his great Father's glories arm'd his soul,  
Join'd with invincible delight to save  
Millions of rebels from the gulf of Hell.  
Such his stupendous ardour to endure  
Vicarious punishment! What will not love  
When love inspires a mortal breast, achieve?  
But when celestial bosoms catch the fire,  
What miracles of mercy blaze around!

---

But let fancy with all its images subside and vanish. I know not whither the impetuous Muse has hurried me. I designed only four lines in verse, and behold what a number! While I have indulged my rapture, I fear my juvenile heat, and too bold an imagination, may have made some trespass on divinity.

I received a letter yesterday acquainting me that our mother was somewhat better, though the fever has not left her. I intended to have written more particularly, but the swelling and growing verses have prevented me, and contracted the limits of my letter. Farewell, dear brother, and may you make strenuous advances in the study of religion and medicine! Given from my study in London on the sixteenth of the Kalends of February, 1693.

FRATRI E. W. OLIM NAVIGATURO.

SEPT. 30, 1691.

I FELIX, pede prospero  
I frater, trabe pineâ  
Sulces æquora cœrula  
Pandas carbasa flatibus  
Quæ tutò reditura sint.  
Non te monstra natantia  
Ponti carnivoræ incolæ  
Prædentur rate naufragâ.

Navis, tu tibi creditum  
Fratrem dimidium mei  
Salvum fer per inhospita  
Ponti regna, per avios  
Tractus, et liquidum Chaos.  
Nec te sorbeat horrida  
Syrtis, nec scopulus minax  
Rumpat roboreum latus :  
Captent mitia flamina  
Antennæ; et Zephyri leves  
Dent portum placidum tibi.

Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos  
Fluctus oceani regis,  
Et sævam boream domas,  
Da fratri faciles vias,  
Et fratrem reducem suis,

Translation. By Dr. Gibbons.

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TO

MY BROTHER, ENOCH WATTS,

GOING A VOYAGE.

BROTHER, may Heaven vouchsafe to bless,  
And crown your voyage with success!  
Go, in the planks of pine immured,  
And from surrounding harms secured;  
Go, and with sails expanding wide,  
With pleasure plough the placid tide,  
In safety wafted o'er the main,  
In safety wafted home again.  
O may no monster of the flood  
That roams for prey, and thirsts for blood,  
Seize you to his tremendous power,  
And with remorseless jaws devour;  
While the bark, shiver'd by the blast,  
Strows with its wreck the watery waste!

My brother trusted to thy care,  
Half of myself, O vessel, bear  
Secure through ocean's wide domain;  
At best a desert trackless plain,  
And oft, when hurricanes arise,  
In billows thundering to the skies:  
Safe from the sand's devouring heap,  
Mayst thou thy wary passage keep;  
Safe too from each tremendous rock,  
Where ships are shatter'd by the shock:

May only favourable gales  
 Attend thy course, and fill thy sails,  
 And may the zephyr's softest wing  
 Thee to thy port serenely bring!

Thou, who dost o'er the seas preside,  
 Rouse them to rage, or smooth their tide!  
 Thou, who dost in thy fetters keep  
 The boisterous tyrants of the deep!  
 To foreign climes secure convey  
 My brother, through the watery way;  
 And back conduct him, o'er the main,  
 To his dear shores and friends again!

---

AD REVERENDUM VIRUM

DM. JOHANNEM PINHORNE,

FIDUM ADOLESCENTIÆ MEÆ PRÆCEPTOREM.

PINDARICI CARMINIS SPECIMEN. 1694.

EN te, Pinhorni, Musa Trisantica  
 Salutat, ardens discipulum tuum  
 Gratè fateri : nunc Athenas,  
 Nunc Latias per amœnitates  
 Tutò pererrans te recolit ducem,  
 Te quondam teneros at Ebraia per aspera gressus  
 Non durâ duxisse manu.  
 Tuo patescunt lumine Thespîi  
 Campi atque ad arcem Pieridôn iter :  
 En altus assurgens Homerus  
 Arma deosque virosque miscens  
 Occupat ætherium Parnassi culmen : Homeri  
 Immensos stupeo manes —

Te, Maro, dulcè canens sylvas, te bella sonantem  
Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare camœnâ ;

Tuæque accipias, Thebane vates,

Debita Thura Lyræ.

Vobis, magna trias ! clarissima nomina semper  
Scrinia nostra patent, et pectora nostra patebunt,  
Quum mihi cunque levem concesserit otia et horam.

Divina Mosis pagina.

Flaccus ad hanc triadem ponatur, at ipsa pudendas

Deponat veneres: venias sed 'purus et insons

Ut te collaudem, dum sordes at mala lustra'<sup>1</sup>

Ablutus, Venusine, canis ridesve. Recisæ

Hâc lege accedunt satiræ Juvenalis, amari

Terrores vitiorum. At longè cæcus abesset

Persius, obscuros vates, nisi lumina circum-

fusa forent, sphingisque ænigmata, Bonde,

scidisses.

Grande sonans Senecæ fulmen, grandisque cothurni

Pompa Sophoclei celso ponantur eodem

Ordine, et ambabus simul hos amplectar in ulnis.

Tutò, poëtæ, tutò habitabitis

Pictos abacos : improba tineæ

Obiit, nec audet sæva castas

Attingere blatta camœnas.

At tu renidens fœdâ epigrammatum

Farrago inertûm, stercoris impii

Sentina fœtens, Martialis,

In barathrum relegandus imum

Aufuge, et hinc tecum rapias Catullum

Insulsê mollem, naribus, auribus

Ingrata castis carmina, et improbi

Spurcos Nasonis amores

<sup>1</sup> Horat. Lib. I. Sat. G.

Nobilis extremâ gradiens Caledonis ab orâ  
 En Buchananus adest. Divini psaltis imago  
 Jessiadæ salveto ; potens seu numinis iras  
 Fulminibus miscere, sacro vel lumine mentis

Fugare noctes, vel citharæ sono

Sedare fluctus pectoris.

Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,

Tu domi astabis socius perennis,

Seu levi mensæ simul assidere

Dignabere, seu lecticæ.

Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem

Aureos suadebis inire somnos

Sacra sopitis superinferens oblivia curis,

Stet juxtâ Casimirus<sup>2</sup>, huic nec parcius ignem

Natura indulsit nec Musa armavit alumnum

Sarbivium<sup>3</sup> rudiore lyrâ.

Quanta Polonum levat aura cygnum !

Humana<sup>3</sup> linquens (en sibi devii

Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus

Spatiatur in aëre pennis.

Seu tu fortè virum tollis ad æthera,

Cognatosve thronos et patrium Polum

Visurus consurgis ovans,

Visum fatigas, aciemque fallis,

Dum tuum à longè stupeo volatum

O non imitabilis ales.

Sarbivii ad nomen gelidâ incalet

Musa, simul totus ferverescere

Sentio, stellatas levis induor

Alas et tollor in altum.

Jam juga Zionis radens pede

<sup>2</sup> M. Casimirus Sarbiewski, Poeta insignis Polonis.

<sup>3</sup> Lib. ii. Od. 5.

Elato inter sidera radens vertice  
 Longè despecto mortalia.  
 Quam juvat altisonis volitare per æthera pennis,  
 Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia sæcli  
 Terrellæ grandia inania,  
 Quæ mortale genus (heu malè) deperit !  
 O curas hominum miseræ ! cano,  
 Et miseræ nugas diademata !  
 Ventosæ sortis ludibrium.  
 En mihi subsidunt terrenæ à pectore fæces,  
 Gestit et effrænis divinum effundere carmen  
 Mens afflata Deo—————

————— at vos heroes et arma  
 Et procul este Dii, ludicra numina.  
 Quid mihi cum vestræ pondere lanceæ,  
 Pallas ! aut vestris, Dionyse, thyrsis ?  
 Et Clava, et Anguis, et Leo, et Heroules,  
 Et brutum tonitru fictitii Patris,  
 Abstare à carmine nostro.

Te, Deus Omnipotens ! te nostra sonabit Jesu  
 Musa, nec assueto coelestes barbiton ausû  
 Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite numen et  
 Immensum sine lege Deum numeri sine lege sona-  
 bunt.

Sed Musam magna pollicentem destituit vigor :  
 Divino jubare perstringitur oculorum acies. En  
 labascit pennis, tremit artubus, ruit deorsum per  
 inane ætheris, jacet victa, obstupescit, silet.

Ignoscas, reverende vir, vano conamini ; frag-  
 men hoc rude licet et impolitum æqui boni con-  
 sulas, et gratitudinis jam diu debitæ in partem re-  
 ponas.

I. W.

Translation. By Dr. Gibbons.

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TO

THE REV. MR. JOHN PINHORNE,

THE FAITHFUL PRECEPTOR OF MY YOUNGER YEARS.

PINHORNE, permit the Muse to' aspire  
To thee, and vent the' impatient fire  
That in her bosom glows :  
Fain would she tune an equal lay,  
And to her honour'd tutor pay  
The debt of thanks she owes.

Through Plato's walks, a flowery road,  
And Latium's fields with pleasure strow'd,  
She owns thy guiding hand ;  
Thou, too, didst her young steps convey  
Through many a rough and craggy way  
In Palestina's land.

'Twas thine irradiating light  
Open'd the Thespian vales to sight,  
And taught the Muse to climb  
The mountains, where the Muses' choir  
Now tune their breath, now touch the lyre,  
To ecstasy sublime.

Of high Parnassus' top possess'd,  
See Homer towering o'er the rest—



What a stupendous strain!  
In battle gods and men contend,  
The Heavens outrageous uproars rend,  
And slaughters drench the plain.

My ear imbibes the' immense delight,  
When Virgil's pastoral lays recite  
The country's humble charms;  
Or when his Muse exalts her voice,  
And like the warlike Clarion's noise,  
Sounds the loud charge—to arms.

The Theban bard<sup>1</sup> my soul admires,  
His towering flights, his mounting fires,  
The raptures of his rage!  
Hail, great triumvirate! your lays  
The world, consenting in your praise,  
Resound from age to age.

When from my labours in the mine  
Of heavenly truth and grace divine,  
To leisure I retire;  
I'll seize your works with both my arms,  
Take a sweet range among their charms,  
And catch the' immortal fire.

Horace shall with the choir be join'd,  
When Virtue has his verse refined,  
And purged his tainted page:  
Pleased, I'll attend his lyric strain,  
Hear him indulge his laughing vein,  
And satirize the age.

<sup>1</sup> Pindar.

Next, cleansed from his unhallow'd scum,  
The mighty Juvenal shall come,  
    And high his vengeance wield:  
His satires sound the loud alarm  
To Vice ; she sees his lifted arm,  
    And, cowering, quits the field.

In vain should I expect delight  
From Persius, wrapp'd in tenfold night,  
    Unless, O Bond, thy ray  
Had pierced the shades that veil him round,  
And set his sense, obscure, profound,  
    Amidst the blaze of day.

Now Seneca, with tragic lays,  
Demands my wonder and my praise ;  
    What thunder arms his tongue !  
Now Sophocles lets loose his rage :  
With what a pomp he treads the stage,  
    And how sublime his song !

In long and regular array,  
My shelves your volumes shall display,  
    Ye favourites of the Nine !  
No moth's, no worm's insidious rage  
Shall dare to riot on your page,  
    Or mar one modest line.

Meanwhile, let Martial's blushless Muse  
Whose wit is poison'd by the stews,  
    Catullus' wanton fire,  
With Ovid's verse, that, as it rolls,  
With luscious poison taints our souls,  
    In bogs obscene expire.

See, from the Caledonian shore,  
 With blooming laurels cover'd o'er,  
     Buchanan march along!  
 Hail, honour'd heir of David's lyre,  
 Thou full-grown image of thy sire!  
     And hail thy matchless song!

What terror sounds through all thy strings  
 When, in his wrath, the' Almighty flings  
     His thunder through the skies!  
 Anon, when Heaven's wide opening ray  
 Shines all our gloomy doubts away,  
     How soft the notes arise!

When billows upon billows roll,  
 And night o'erwhelms the tossing soul,  
     How potent is thy lyre  
 To hush the raging storm to rest,  
 Restore the sunshine of the breast,  
     And joy divine inspire!

Thou, sacred bard, whene'er I rove  
 The smiling mead or shady grove,  
     Shalt entertain my way:  
 My humble mansion thou shalt grace,  
 Shalt at my table find a place,  
     And tune the' ecstatic lay:

When the returning shades of night  
 My eyes to balmy sleep invite,  
     Thy sweet angelic airs  
 Shall warble to my ear, till Sleep's  
 Soft influence o'er my senses creeps  
     And buries all my cares.

Next comes the charming Casimire ;  
 Exulting in seraphic fire,  
     The bard divinely sings :  
 The heavenly Muse inspired his tongue,  
 The heavenly Muse his viol strung,  
     And tuned the' harmonious strings.

See on what full, what rapid gales,  
 The Polish swan triumphant sails !  
     He spurns the globe behind ;  
 And, mountains lessening to the eye,  
 Through the unbounded fields, on high,  
     Expatiates unconfined.

Whether 'tis his divine delight  
 To bear, in his exalted flight,  
     Some hero to the skies ;  
 Or to explore the seats above,  
 His kindred seats of peace and love,  
     His peerless pinions rise—

With what a wing ! to what a height !  
 He towers and mocks the gazing sight,  
     Lost in the tracts of day !  
 I from afar behold his course,  
 Amazed with what a sovereign force  
     He mounts his arduous way !

Methinks, enkindled by the name  
 Of Casimire, a sudden flame  
     Now shoots through all my soul.  
 I feel, I feel the raptures rise,  
 On starry plumes I cut the skies,  
     And range from pole to pole.—

Touching on Zion's sacred brow,  
 My wandering eyes I cast below,  
     And our vain race survey :  
 O, how they stretch their eager arms  
 To' embrace imaginary charms,  
     And throw their souls away !

In groveling cares and stormy strife  
 They waste the golden hours of life,  
     And murder every joy ;  
 What is a diadem, that's toss'd  
 From hand to hand, now won, now lost,  
     But a delusive toy ?

From all terrestrial dregs refined,  
 And sensual fogs that choke the mind,  
     Full of the' inspiring God,  
 My soul shall her sublimest lay  
 To her Creator ! Father ! pay,  
     And sound his praise abroad.

Ye heroes, with your blood-stain'd arms,  
 Avaunt ! the Muse beholds no charms  
     In the devouring sword :  
 Avaunt ! ye despicable train  
 Of gods, the phantoms of the brain,  
     By Greece and Rome adored.

Say, what is Wisdom's queen to me,  
 Or her fictitious panoply,  
     Or what the god of wine ?  
 I never will profane this hand  
 Around his tall imperial wand<sup>2</sup>  
     The sacred boughs to twine.

The thyrsus, mentioned by the Doctor in his ode, was a spear twined round with ivy or bay leaves, which the votaries of Bacchus carried about in their hands at his feasts.

'Tis all romance, beneath a thought,  
 How Hercules with lions fought  
 And crush'd the dragon's spires ;  
 Alike, their thunderer I despise,  
 The fabled ruler of the skies,  
 And his pretended fires.

Thy name, Almighty Sire ! and thine,  
 Jesus ! where his full glories shine,  
 Shall consecrate my lays ;  
 In numbers by no vulgar bounds control'd,  
 In numbers most divinely strong and bold,  
 I'll sound through all the world the' immeasur-  
 able praise !

---

But in the moment the Muse is promising great things, her vigour fails, her eyes are dazzled with the divine glories, her pinions flutter, her limbs tremble ; she rushes headlong from the skies, falls to the earth, and there lies vanquished, overwhelmed in confusion and silence.

Forgive, Reverend Sir, the vain attempt, and kindly accept this poetical fragment, though rude and unpolished, as an expression of that gratitude which has been so long due to your merit,

## VOTUM, SEU VITA IN TERRIS BEATA.

AD VIRUM DIGNISSIMUM

## JOH. HARTOPPIUM, BARONETUM.

1702.

HARTOPPI eximio stemmate nobilis  
 Venaque ingenii divite, si roges  
 Quem mea Musa beat,  
 Ille mihi felix ter et ampliùs,  
 Et similes superis annos agit  
 ‘ Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi.’  
 Hunc longè à curis mortalibus  
 Inter agros, sylvasque silentes  
 Se musisque suis tranquillâ in pace fruentem  
 Sol oriens videt et recumbens.

Non suæ vulgi favor insolentis  
 (Plausus insani tumidis popelli)  
 Mentis ad sacram penetrabit arcem,  
 Feriat licèt æthera clamor.  
 Nec gaza flammans divitis Indiæ,  
 Nec, Tage, vestra fulgor arenulæ  
 Ducent ab obscurâ quiete  
 Ad laquear radiantis aulæ.

O si daretur stamina proprii  
 Tractare fusi pollice proprio,  
 Atque meum mihi fingere fatum ;  
 Candidus vitæ color innocentis  
 Fila nativo decoraret albo  
 Non Tyriâ vitiata conchâ.

Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ  
Intertexta forent invidiosa meæ.

Longè à triumphis, et sonitu tubæ  
Longè remotos transigerem dies :  
Abstare fasces (splendida vanitas)  
Et vos abstare, coronæ.

Pro meo tecto casa sit, sálubres  
Captet Auroras, procul urbis atro  
Distet à fumo, fugiatque longè  
Dura phthisis mala, dura tussis.  
Displicet Byrsa et fremitu molesto  
Turba mercantùm ; gratiùs alvear  
Demulcet aures murmure, gratiùs  
Fons salientis aquæ.

Litigiosa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes  
Ad sylvas properans rixosas execror artes  
Eminus in tuto à linguis———

Blandimenta artis simul æquus odi.  
Valete, cives, et amœna fraudis  
Verba ; proh mores ! et inane sacri  
Nomen amici !

Tuque quæ nostris inimica Musis  
Felle sacratum vitias amorem,  
Absis æternùm, diva libidinis

Et pharetrate puer !  
Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longiùs avola !  
Nil mihi cum fœdis, puer, ignibus ;  
Ætheriâ fervent face pectora,  
Sacra mihi Venus est Urania,  
Et juvenis Jessæus amor mihi.

Cœleste carmen (nec taceat lyra  
Jessæa) lætis auribus insonet,



Nec Watsianis è medullis  
 Ulla dies rapiet vel hora,  
 Sacri libelli, deliciæ meæ,  
 Et vos, sodales, semper amabiles,  
 Nunc simul adsitis, nunc vicissim,  
 Et fallite tædia vitæ.

---

Translation. By Dr. Gibbons.

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TO SIR JOHN HARTOPP, BART.

*The Wish.*

HARTOPP, thou young illustrious shoot,  
 The offspring of a noble root,  
 Of genius' richest vein possess'd,  
 Should you desire my Muse to paint  
 The happy soul, the God-like saint,  
 Whom she would call divinely bless'd ;

Behold the man, Urania cries,  
 Who, while at distance from the skies,  
 Leads such a life as angels do ;  
 In every state who smiles serene,  
 Sufficient to himself is seen,  
 And to himself is ever true.

He, when the sun ascends the skies,  
 And when the evening-vapours rise,  
 No mortal cares, nor troubles knows ;  
 But, midst the silvan shades and hills,  
 The spreading lawns, and silver rills,  
 Enjoys an undisturb'd repose.

In studies moral and divine,  
 That raise, enrapture, and refine,  
     He well employs his circling hours ;  
 And, or to serve his Maker here,  
 Or in yon bright empyreal sphere,  
     Collects and consecrates his powers.

The fickle favours of the crowd,  
 His name, his praise resounding loud,  
     Reach not his heaven-ascending soul :  
 Their senseless noise he could despise,  
 E'en though it mounted to the skies,  
     And with its echoes rent the pole.

Not all the wealth of Indian lands,  
 Nor Tagus with his golden sands,  
     Could from his grove-embosom'd seat  
 Tempt him away. The roofs of kings,  
 Their robes and crowns are futile things,  
     And pageants despicably great.

Was I permitted to compose  
 Whatever vital thread I chose,  
     And fix the colours of my fate ;  
 Of spotless white I'd form the twine,  
 In spotless white should run the line,  
     Till Time had measured out my date.

No Tyrian dye its course should stain,  
 No gold enrich the' unwinding skein,  
     No gem its envied lustre throw :  
 An humble state of sweet content,  
 A life serene and innocent,  
     Complete my utmost wish below.

No sounding trump, no thundering car,  
No standard of triumphant war  
Should ever visit my retreat:  
Nor a proud mace, nor prouder crown,  
An idle glare, a vain renown,  
Should tempt me from my peaceful seat.

I'd dwell an humble roof beneath,  
Where purest gales should round me breathe,  
And fan the flame within my veins ;  
Far, far away from clouds of smoke,  
Which first create, and then provoke,  
The cough's and phthisic's grinding pains.

The' Exchange to me can yield no charms,  
Where merchants mix in clustering swarms,  
And the broad space with murmurs fill ;  
I'd rather hear the slumberous sound  
Of bees, the meads wide-wandering round,  
Or listen to the tinkling rill.

The noisy wrangling of the bar,  
Where lawyers wage the venal war,  
Terror instead of joy inspires ;  
My soul detests those arts of strife,  
And to enjoy a happy life  
To calm sequester'd bowers retires.

With a like hatred from my heart,  
I spurn the blandishments of art ;  
Ye faithless citizens, adieu !  
With all your methods to beguile,  
The glaring lie, the' insidious smile :  
Friendship's an empty name with you.

From me for ever be exiled  
Gay Venus, and her wanton child,  
His bow, his quiver fledged with darts :  
Before them every science flies,  
And all celestial ardour dies,  
When once their poison taints our hearts.

Cupid, avaunt with all thy fires !  
Seraphic flame my soul inspires,  
My joys in purer channels run ;  
My Venus is the Heaven-born Muse,  
The youth, that for my guest I choose,  
Is Jesse's soul-enlivening son.

With what a sovereign sweep he flings  
His arm across the sounding strings !  
What notes inimitable rise !  
Astonish'd at his tuneful powers,  
What raptures entertain my hours,  
And bear my spirit to the skies !

Anon withdrawing from the Muse,  
I'd from my sacred treasure choose  
Some volume, and its wisdom weigh ;  
Till a choice few, where friendship burns,  
Now in full circle, now by turns,  
With social bliss should crown the day.

## TO MISS SINGER,

On the Sight of some of her Divine Poems, never printed.

JULY 19, 1706.

ON the fair banks of gentle Thames  
 I tuned my harp; nor did celestial themes  
 Refuse to dance upon my strings;  
 There beneath the evening sky  
 I sung my cares asleep, and raised my wishes high  
 To everlasting things.

Sudden from Albion's western coast  
 Harmonious notes come gliding by,  
 The neighbouring shepherds knew the silver sound;  
 'Tis Philomela's<sup>1</sup> voice! the neighbouring shep-  
 herds cry:—

At once my strings all silent lie,  
 At once my fainting Muse was lost,  
 In the superior sweetness drown'd,  
 In vain I bid my tuneful powers unite;  
 My soul retired, and left my tongue,  
 I was all ear, and Philomela's song  
 Was all divine delight.

Now be my harp for ever dumb,  
 My Muse attempt no more. 'Twas long ago  
 I bid adieu to mortal things,  
 To Grecian tales, and wars of Rome;  
 'Twas long ago I broke all but the immortal strings;  
 Now those immortal strings have no employ,  
 Since a fair angel dwells below,  
 To tune the notes of Heaven, and propagate the joy.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Singer published a volume of her 'Poems on several Occasions,' under the name of Philomela.

Let all my powers with awe profound,  
While Philomela sings,  
Attend the rapture of the sound,  
And my devotion rise on her seraphic wings.

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STANZAS TO LADY SUNDERLAND,

AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 1712.

FAIR Nymph, ascend to Beauty's throne,  
And rule that radiant world alone :  
Let favourites take thy lower sphere,  
Not monarchs are thy rivals here.

The court of Beauty, built sublime,  
Defies all powers but thine and Time :  
Envy, that clouds the hero's sky,  
Aims but in vain her flight so high.

Not Blenheim's field, nor Ister's flood,  
Nor standards dyed in Gallic blood,  
Torn from the foe, add nobler grace,  
To Churchill's house, than Spenser's face.

The warlike thunder of his arms  
Is less commanding than her charms ;  
His lightning strikes with less surprise  
Than sudden glances from her eyes.

His captives feel their limbs confined  
In iron ; she enslaves the mind :  
We follow with a pleasing pain,  
And bless the conqueror and the chain.

The Muse, that dares in numbers do  
What paint and pencil never knew,  
Faints at her presence in despair,  
And owns the inimitable fair.

**HORÆ LYRICÆ.**

—  
**BOOK III.**  
—

***Sacred to the Memory of the Dead.***

---

**AN EPITAPH**

**ON**

**KING WILLIAM THE THIRD,**

**OF GLORIOUS MEMORY,**

**WHO DIED MARCH 8, 1701.**

**BENEATH** these honours of a tomb  
Greatness in humble ruin lies :  
(How earth confines in narrow room  
What heroes leave beneath the skies !)

**Preserve, O venerable pile,**  
**Inviolate thy sacred trust ;**  
**To thy cold arms the British isle,**  
**Weeping, commits her richest dust.**

Ye gentlest ministers of Fate,  
Attend the monarch as he lies ;  
And bid the softest Slumbers wait  
With silken cords to bind his eyes.

Rest his dear sword beneath his head ;  
Round him his faithful arms shall stand :  
Fix his bright ensigns on his bed,  
The guards and honours of our land.

Ye sister arts of Paint and Verse,  
Place Albion fainting by his side,  
Her groans arising o'er the hearse,  
And Belgia sinking when he died.

High o'er the grave Religion set  
In solemn guise ; pronounce the ground  
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd feet,  
And plant her guardian Virtues round.

Fair Liberty in sables dress'd,  
Write his loved name upon his urn,  
' William, the scourge of tyrants past,  
And awe of princes yet unborn.'

Sweet Peace, his sacred relics keep,  
With olives blooming round her head ;  
And stretch her wings across the deep,  
To bless the nations with the shade.

Stand on the pile, immortal Fame,  
Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe,  
Thy thousand voices sound his name  
In silver accents round the globe.



Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,  
 While hoary Truth inspires the song;  
 Envy grow pale and bite the ground,  
 And Slander gnaw her forky tongue.

Night and the grave, remove your gloom;  
 Darkness becomes the vulgar dead;  
 But Glory bids the royal tomb  
 Disdain the horrors of a shade.

Glory with all her lamps shall burn,  
 And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,  
 Till the last trumpet rouse his urn  
 To aid the triumphs of the day.



EPITAPHIUM VIRI VENERABILIS

DOM. N. MATHER,

CARMINE LAPIDARIO CONSCRIPTUM.

M. S.

Reverendí admodum Viri *Sathanaelis Matheri.*

QUOD mori potuit hic subtus depositum est,  
 Si quæris, hospes, quantus et qualis fuit,  
 Fidus enarrabit lapis.

Nomen à familiâ duxit  
 Sanctioribus studiis et evangelio devotâ,  
 Et per utramque Anglium celebri,  
 Americanum se, atque Europæum.

Et hinc quoque in sancti ministerii spem eductus  
Non fallacem :

Et hunc utraque novit Anglia  
Doctum et docentem.

Corpore fuit procero, formâ placidè verendâ ;  
At supra corpus et formam sublimè eminuērunt  
Indoles, ingenium, atque eruditio :

Supra hæc pietas, et (si fas dicere)

Supra pietatem modestia,

Cæteras enim dotes obumbravit.

Quoties in rebus divinis peragendis

Divinitas afflatæ mentis specimina

Præstantiora edidit,

Toties hominem sedulus occuluit

Ut solus conspiceretur Deus :

Voluit totus latere, nec potuit ;

Heu quantum tamen sui nos latet !

Et majorem laudis partem sepulchrale marmor  
Invito obruit silentio.

Gratiam Jesu Christi salutiferam

Quam abundè hausit ipse, aliis propinavit,

Puram ab humanâ fæce.

Veritatis evangelicæ decus ingens,

Et ingens propugnaculum.

Concionator gravis aspectu, gestu, voce ;

Cui nec aderat pompa oratoria,

Nec deerat ;

Flosculos rhetorices supervacaneos fecit

Rerum dicendarum Majestas, et Deus præsens.

Hinc arma militiæ suæ non infelicia,

Hinc toties fugatus Satanæ,

Et hinc victoriæ

Ab inferorum portis toties reportatæ

Solers ille ferreis impiorum animis infigere

Altum et salutare vulnus :  
 Vulneratas idem tractare leniter solers,  
 Et medelam adhibere magis salutarem.  
 Ex defæcato cordis fonte  
 Divinis eloquiis affatim scatebant labia,  
 Etiam in familiari contubernio :  
 Spirabat ipse undique cœlestes suavitates,  
 Quasi oleo lætitiæ semper recens delibutus,  
 Et semper supra socios ;  
 Gratumque dilectissimi sui Jesu odorem  
 Quaquaversus et latè diffudit.  
 Dolores tolerans supra fidem,  
 Ærumnæque heu quam assiduae !  
 Invicto animo, victrice patientiâ  
 Varias curarum moles pertulit  
 Et in stadio et in metâ vitæ :  
 Quam ubi propinquam vidit,  
 Plerophoriâ fidei quasi curru alato vectus  
 Properè et exultum attigit.  
 Natus est in agro Lancastriensi 20° Martii, 1630.  
 Inter Nov-Anglos theologiæ tyrocinia fecit.  
 Pastoralis munere diu Dublinii in Hibernia functus,  
 Tandem (ut semper) providentiam secutus ducem,  
 Cœtui fidelium apud Londinenses præpositus est,  
 Quos doctrinâ, precibus, et vitâ beavit :  
 Ah brevi !  
 Corpore solutus 26° Julii, 1697. Ætat. 67.  
 Ecclesiis mœrorem, theologis exemplar reliquit.  
 Probis piisque omnibus  
 Infandum sui desiderium :  
 Dum pulvis Christo charus hic dulcè dormit  
 Expectans stellam matutinam.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH

OF

MRS. MARY PEACOCK.

An Elegiac Song.

SENT IN A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE

TO MR. N. P. MERCHANT, AT AMSTERDAM.

HARK! she bids all her friends adieu!  
Some angel calls her to the spheres;  
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue  
Through liquid telescopes of tears.

Farewell, bright soul! a short farewell,  
Till we shall meet again above,  
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,  
And trees of life bear fruits of love:

There glory sits on every face,  
There friendship smiles in every eye,  
There shall our tongues relate the grace  
That led us homeward to the sky.

O'er all the names of Christ our King  
Shall our harmonious voices rove,  
Our harps shall sound from every string  
The wonders of his bleeding love.

Come, Sovereign Lord! dear Saviour, come!  
Remove these separating days,  
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home;  
That golden hour, how long it stays!

How long must we lie lingering here,  
While saints around us take their flight?  
Smiling, they quit this dusky sphere,  
And mount the hills of heavenly light.

Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest,  
Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,  
Till we, from bands of clay released,  
Spring out, and climb the shining road.

While the dear dust she leaves behind  
Sleeps in thy bosom, sacred tomb!  
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind,  
And all her dreams—of joy to come.

TO THE  
REV. MR. JOHN SHOWER,

On the Death of his Daughter, Mrs. Ann Warner.

Reverend and dear Sir,

Dec. 22, 1707.

How great soever was my sense of your loss, yet I did not think myself fit to offer any lines of comfort; your own meditations can furnish you with many a delightful truth in the midst of so heavy a sorrow; for the covenant of grace has brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy providence; and to that sweet covenant your soul is no stranger. My own thoughts were much impressed with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in its best estate, yet I must acknowledge that my temper leads me most to the pleasant scenes of Heaven, and that future world of blessedness. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove in the world of spirits, and search them out there: thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner; and these thoughts crowding fast upon me, I set them down for my own entertainment. The verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finished elegy; and besides, when I was fallen upon the dark side of death, I had no mind to tarry there. If the lines I have written be so happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your grief; the time spent in composing them shall not be reckoned among my lost hours, and the review will be more pleasing to,

SIR,

Your affectionate humble servant,

I. W.

## AN ELEGIAC THOUGHT

On Mrs. Ann Warner,

WHO DIED OF THE SMALL-POX, DEC. 18, 1707, AT ONE  
O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, A FEW DAYS AFTER THE BIRTH  
AND DEATH OF HER FIRST CHILD.

AWAKE, my Muse, range the wide world of souls,  
And seek Vernera fled; with upward aim  
Direct thy wing; for she was born from heaven,  
Fulfill'd her visit, and return'd on high.

The midnight watch of angels that patrol  
The British sky, have noticed her assent  
Near the meridian star; pursue the track  
To the bright confines of immortal Day  
And Paradise, her home. Say, my Urania,  
(For nothing escapes thy search, nor canst thou miss  
So fair a spirit) say, beneath what shade  
Of amaranth or cheerful evergreen  
She sits, recounting to her kindred minds,  
Angelic or humane, her mortal toil  
And travels through this howling wilderness:  
By what Divine protection she escaped  
Those deadly snares when youth and Satan leagued  
In combination to assail her virtue;  
(Snares set to murder souls) but Heaven secured  
The favourite nymph, and taught her victory.

Or does she seek, or has she found her babe  
Amongst the infant-nation of the bless'd,  
And clasp'd it to her soul, to satiate there  
The young maternal passion, and absolve  
The unfulfill'd embrace? thrice happy child,

That saw the light and turn'd its eyes aside  
 From our dim regions to the' Eternal Sun,  
 And led the parent's way to glory! there  
 Thou art for ever her's, with powers enlarged  
 For love reciprocal and sweet converse.

Behold her ancestors (a pious race)  
 Ranged in fair order, at her sight rejoice  
 And sing her welcome. She, along their seats  
 Gliding salutes them all with honours due ;  
 Such as are paid in Heaven : and last she finds  
 A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light,  
 But vacant: ' This, (with sure presage she cries)  
 Awaits my father ; when will he arrive ?  
 How long, alas, how long !' Then calls her mate—  
 ' Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares,  
 Die, and partake my bliss ; we are for ever one.'

Ah me ! where roves my fancy ! what kind dreams  
 Crowd with sweet violence on my waking mind !  
 Perhaps illusions all ; inform me, Muse ;  
 Chooses she rather to retire apart,  
 To recollect her dissipated powers,  
 And call her thoughts her own ; so lately freed  
 From Earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratulations,  
 From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,  
 And fears and pangs, fierce pangs that wrought  
 her death !

Tell me on what sublimer theme she dwells  
 In contemplation, with unerring clew  
 Infinite truth pursuing. (When, my soul,  
 O when shall thy release from cumbrous flesh  
 Pass the great seal of Heaven ? what happy hour  
 Shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar and trace  
 The intellectual world ? divine delight !  
 Vernera's loved employ !) Perhaps she sings



To some new golden harp the' almighty deeds,  
 The names, the honours of her Saviour God,  
 His cross, his grave, his victory, and his crown:  
 Oh, could I imitate the' exalted notes,  
 And mortal ears could bear them!——

Or lies she now before the' eternal throne  
 Prostrate in humble form, with deep devotion  
 O'erwhelm'd, and self-abasement at the sight  
 Of the uncover'd Godhead face to face!  
 Seraphic crowns pay homage at his feet,  
 And hers amongst them, not of dimmer ore,  
 Nor set with meaner gems: but vain ambition,  
 And emulation vain, and fond conceit,  
 And pride for ever banish'd flies the place,  
 Cursed pride, the dress of Hell. Tell me, Urania,  
 How her joys heighten, and her golden hours  
 Circle in love. O stamp upon my soul  
 Some blissful image of the fair deceased,  
 To call my passions and my eyes aside  
 From the dear breathless clay, distressing sight!  
 I look, and mourn, and gaze with greedy view  
 Of melancholy fondness: tears bedewing  
 That form so late desired, so late beloved,  
 Now loathsome and unlovely. Base Disease,  
 That leagued with Nature's sharpest pains, and  
 spoil'd

So sweet a structure! the impoisoning taint  
 O'erspreads the building wrought with skill divine,  
 And ruins the rich temple to the dust!

Was this the countenance, where the world  
 admired  
 Features of Wit and Virtue? this the face  
 Where Love triumph'd? and Beauty on these  
 cheeks,

As on a throne, beneath her radiant eyes,  
 Was seated to advantage; mild, serene,  
 Reflecting rosy light? so sits the Sun  
 (Fair eye of Heaven!) upon a crimson cloud  
 Near the horizon, and with gentle ray  
 Smiles lovely round the sky: till rising fogs,  
 Portending night, with foul and heavy wing  
 Involve the golden star, and sink him down  
 Oppress'd with darkness.

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ON

## THE DEATH

OF AN AGED AND HONOURED RELATIVE,

MRS. M— W—.

JULY 13, 1693.

I KNOW the kindred-mind. 'Tis she, 'tis she;  
 Among the heavenly forms I see  
 The kindred-mind from fleshly bondage free;  
 O how unlike the thing was lately seen  
     Groaning and panting on the bed,  
     With ghastly air, and languish'd head,  
     Life on this side, there the dead,  
 While the delaying flesh lay shivering between.

Long did the earthly house restrain  
 In toilsome slavery that ethereal guest,  
 Prison'd her round in walls of pain,  
 And twisted cramps and aches within her chain:

Till by the weight of numerous days oppress'd  
 The earthly house began to reel,  
 The pillars trembled and the building fell ;  
 The captive soul became her own again :  
 Tired with the sorrows and the cares,  
 A tedious train of fourscore years,  
 The prisoner smiled to be released,  
 She felt her fetters loose, and mounted to her rest.

Gaze on, my soul, and let a perfect view  
 Paint her idea all anew ;  
 Rase out those melancholy shapes of woe  
 That hang around thy memory, and becloud it so.  
 Come, Fancy, come, with essences refined,  
 . With youthful green, and spotless white :  
 Deep be the tincture, and the colours bright  
 To' express the beauties of a naked mind.  
 Provide no glooms to form a shade ;  
 All things above of varied light are made,  
 Nor can the heavenly piece require a mortal aid.  
 But if the features, too divine,  
 Beyond the power of fancy shine,  
 Conceal the' inimitable strokes behind a graceful  
 shrine.

Describe the saint from head to feet,  
 Make all the lines in just proportion meet ;  
 But let her posture be  
 Filling a chair of high degree ;  
 Observe how near it stands to the Almighty seat.  
 Paint the new graces of her eyes ;  
 Fresh in her looks let sprightly youth arise,  
 And joys unknown below the skies.

Virtue that lives conceal'd below,  
And to the breast confined,  
Sits here triumphant on the brow,  
And breaks with radiant glories through  
The features of the mind.  
Express her passion still the same,  
But more divinely sweet ;  
Love has an everlasting flame,  
And makes the work complete.

The Painter-Muse with glancing eye  
Observed a manly spirit nigh<sup>1</sup>,  
That Death had long disjoin'd :  
' In the fair tablet they shall stand  
United by a happier band ;' mind,  
She said, and fix'd her sight, and drew the manly  
Recount the years, my song, (a mournful round!)  
Since he was seen on earth no more:  
He fought in lower seas and drown'd;  
But victory and peace he found  
On the superior shore.

There now his tuneful breath in sacred songs  
Employs the European and the Eastern tongues.  
Let the awful truncheon and the flute,  
The pencil and the well-known lute,  
Powerful numbers, charming wit,  
And every art and science meet,  
And bring their laurels to his hand, or lay them  
at his feet.

<sup>1</sup> My grandfather, Mr. Thomas Watts, had such acquaintance with the mathematics, painting, music, and poesy, &c. as gave him considerable esteem among his contemporaries. He was commander of a ship of war in 1656, and by blowing up of the ship in the Dutch war, he was drowned in his youth. I. W.

'Tis done. What beams of glory fall  
(Rich varnish of immortal art)  
To gild the bright original ;  
'Tis done. The Muse has now perform'd her part.  
Bring down the piece, Urania, from above,  
And let my honour and my love  
Dress it with chains of gold to hang upon my  
heart.

**A FUNERAL POEM**  
**ON THE**  
**DEATH OF THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.**

PRESENTED TO  
**THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY ABNEY,**  
**LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON.**

JULY, 1701.

**MADAM,**

**HAD I** been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art in the following composition, to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved indeed to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward Muse; but the importunity was not to be resisted; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington; nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your ladyship will find throughout the poem, that the fair and unfinished building which he had just raised for himself, gave almost all the

turns of mourning to my thoughts; for I pursue no other topic of elegy than what my passion and my senses led me to.

The poem roves, as my eyes and grief did, from one part of the fabric to the other; it rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors, and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleasant retreat, where I promised myself many sweet hours of his conversation: there my song wanders amongst the delightful subjects, divine and moral, which used to entertain our happy leisure: and thence descends to the fields and the shady walks, where I so often enjoyed his pleasing discourse; my sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit: I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing, till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again to lament that desolate seat. Now if the critics laugh at the folly of the Muse for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them consider that the meanest thing that belonged to so valuable a person still gave some fresh and doleful reflections: and I transcribe nature without rule, and represent friendship in a mourning dress, abandoned to the deepest sorrow, and with a negligence becoming woe unfeigned.

Had I designed a complete elegy, Madam, on your dearest brother, and intended it for public view, I should have followed the usual forms of poetry, so far at least, as to spend some pages in the character and praises of the deceased, and thence have taken occasion to call mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable loss; but I wrote merely for myself as a friend of

the dead, and to ease my full soul by breathing out my own complaints. I knew his character and virtues so well, that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myself; for the image of them was ever present with me, which kept the pain at the heart intense and lively, and my tears flowing with my verse.

Perhaps your ladyship will expect some divine thoughts and sacred meditations, mingled with a subject so solemn as this is: had I formed a design of offering it to your hands, I had composed a more Christian poem: but it was grief purely natural for a death so surprising that drew all the strokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral strain. Such as it is, your ladyship requires a copy of it; but let it not touch your soul too tenderly, nor renew your own mourning. Receive it, Madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witness of that affectionate respect and honour that I bore him; all which, as your ladyship's most rightful due, both by merit and by succession, is now humbly offered, by,

MADAM,

Your ladyship's most hearty

and obedient servant,

I. WATTS.



TO THE  
 DEAR MEMORY OF MY HONOURED FRIEND,  
**THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.**  
 WHO DIED NOV. 11, 1700,  
 WHEN HE HAD JUST FINISHED HIS SEAT AT NEWINGTON.

OF blasted hopes, and of short withering joys,  
 Sing, heavenly Muse. Try thine ethereal voice  
 In funeral numbers and a doleful song;  
 Gunston the just, the generous, and the young,  
 Gunston the friend, is dead.—O empty name  
 Of earthly bliss! 'tis all an airy dream;  
 All a vain thought! our soaring fancies rise [skies  
 On treacherous wings! and hopes that touch the  
 Drag but a longer ruin through the downward air,  
 And plunge the fallen joy still deeper in despair.

How did our souls stand flatter'd and prepared  
 To shout him welcome to the seat he rear'd!  
 There the dear man should see his hopes complete,  
 Smiling, and tasting every lawful sweet  
 That peace and plenty brings, while numerous years  
 Circling delightful play'd around the spheres;  
 Revolving suns should still renew his strength,  
 And draw the' uncommon thread to an unusual  
 length.

But hasty Fate thrusts her dread shears between,  
 Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene.  
 Thus airy Pleasure dances in our eyes,  
 And spreads false images in fair disguise,

To' allure our souls, till just within our arms  
 The vision dies, and all the painted charms  
 Flee quick away from the pursuing sight,  
 Till they are lost in shades, and mingle with the night.

Muse, stretch thy wings, and thy sad journey bend  
 To the fair fabric that thy dying friend  
 Built nameless: 'twill suggest a thousand things  
 Mournful and soft as my Urania sings.

How did he lay the deep foundations strong,  
 Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along  
 Solid and lasting; there a numerous train  
 Of happy Gunstons might in pleasure reign,  
 While nations perish, and long ages run,  
 Nations unborn, and ages unbegun:  
 Nor Time itself should waste the bless'd estate,  
 Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient seat.  
 How fond our fancies are: the founder dies  
 Childless; his sisters weep and close his eyes,  
 And wait upon his hearsè with never-ceasing cries.  
 Lofty and slow it moves to meet the tomb,  
 While weighty sorrow nods on every plume;  
 A thousand groans his dear remains convey  
 To his cold lodging in a bed of clay, [way.  
 His country's sacred tears well watering all the  
 See the dull wheels roll on the sable load;  
 But no dear son to tread the mournful road,  
 And fondly kind drop his young sorrows there,  
 The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.  
 O had he left us one behind to play  
 Wanton about the painted hall, and say,  
 'This was my father's,'—with impatient joy  
 In my fond arms I'd clasp the smiling boy,  
 And call him my young friend; but awful Fate  
 Design'd the mighty stroke as lasting as 'twas great.

And must this building then, this costly frame  
Stand here for strangers? Must some unknown name  
Possess these rooms; the labours of my friend?  
Why were these walls raised for this hapless end?  
Why these apartments all adorn'd so gay?  
Why his rich fancy lavish'd thus away?  
Muse, view the paintings, how the hovering light  
Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight,  
And mingled shades wrought in by soft degrees,  
Give a sweet foil to all the charming piece;  
But night, eternal night, hangs black around  
The dismal chambers of the hollow ground.  
And solid shades unmingled round his bed  
Stand hideous: earthy fogs embrace his head,  
And noisome vapours glide along his face,  
Rising perpetual. Muse, forsake the place,  
Flee the raw damps of the unwholesome clay,  
Look to his airy spacious hall, and say,  
'How has he changed it for a lonesome cave,  
Confined and crowded in a narrow grave!'

The' unhappy house looks desolate, and mourns,  
And every door groans doleful as it turns;  
The pillars languish; and each lofty wall,  
Stately in grief, laments the master's fall,  
In drops of briny dew; the fabric bears  
His faint resemblance, and renews my tears.  
Solid and square it rises from below:  
A noble air without a gaudy show  
Reigns through the model, and adorns the whole,  
Manly and plain; such was the builder's soul.  
O how I love to view the stately frame,  
That dear memorial of the best-loved name!  
Then could I wish for some prodigious cave  
Vast as his seat, and silent as his grave,

Where the tall shades stretch to the hideous roof,  
Forbid the day, and guard the sunbeams off:  
Thither, my willing feet, should ye be drawn  
At the gray twilight, and the early dawn:  
There sweetly sad should my soft minutes roll,  
Numbering the sorrows of my drooping soul.  
But these are airy thoughts! substantial grief  
Grows by those objects that should yield relief;  
Fond of my woes I heave my eyes around,  
My grief from every prospect courts a wound;  
Views the green gardens, views the smiling skies,  
Still my heart sinks, and still my cares arise;  
My wandering feet round the fair mansion rove,  
And there to sooth my sorrows I indulge my love.

Oft have I laid the awful Calvin by,  
And the sweet Cowley, with impatient eye  
To see those walls, pay the sad visit there,  
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear:  
Still I behold some melancholy scene,  
With many a pensive thought, and many a sigh  
between.

Two days ago we took the evening air,  
I, and my grief, and my Urania there;  
Say, my Urania, how the western Sun  
Broke from black clouds, and in full glory shone,  
Gilding the roof, then dropp'd into the sea,  
And sudden night devour'd the sweet remains of day;  
Thus the bright youth just rear'd his shining head  
From obscure shades of life, and sunk among the  
dead.

The rising Sun, adorn'd with all his light,  
Smiles on these walls again; but endless night  
Reigns uncontrol'd where the dear Gunston lies;  
He's set for ever, and must never rise.

Then why these beams, unseasonable star,  
These lightsome smiles descending from afar,  
To greet a mourning house? In vain the day  
Breaks through the windows with a joyful ray,  
And marks a shining path along the floors,  
Bounding the evening and the morning hours?  
In vain it bounds them: while vast emptiness  
And hollow silence reign through all the place,  
Nor heeds the cheerful change of Nature's face.  
Yet Nature's wheels will on without control,  
The Sun will rise, the tuneful spheres will roll,  
And the two nightly Bears walk round and watch  
the pole.

See while I speak, high on her sable wheel  
Old Night advancing climbs the eastern hill:  
Troops of dark clouds prepare her way; behold,  
How their brown pinions edged with evening gold  
Spread shadowing o'er the house, and glide away  
Slowly pursuing the declining day;  
O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit still,  
Thus days before they did, and days to come they  
will;

But the black cloud that shadows o'er his eyes  
Hangs there unmoveable, and never flies:  
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone:  
Ah, fruitless wish! how are his curtains drawn  
For a long evening that despairs the dawn!

Muse, view the turret: just beneath the skies,  
Lonesome it stands, and fixes my sad eyes,  
As it would ask a tear. O sacred seat,  
Sacred to friendship! O divine retreat!  
Here did I hope my happy hours to' employ,  
And fed beforehand on the promised joy:

When, weary of the noisy town, my friend,  
 From mortal cares retiring, should ascend  
 And lead me thither. We alone would sit  
 Free and secure of all intruding feet :  
 Our thoughts should stretch their longest wings  
 and rise,

Nor bound their soarings by the lower skies :  
 Our tongues should aim at everlasting themes,  
 And speak what mortals dare, of all the names  
 Of boundless joys and glories, thrones and seats  
 Built high in Heaven for souls : we'd trace the streets  
 Of golden pavement, walk each blissful field,  
 And climb and taste the fruits the spicy mountains  
 yield :

Then would we swear to keep the sacred road,  
 And walk right upwards to that bless'd abode ;  
 We'd charge our parting spirits there to meet,  
 Their hand in hand approach the' Almighty seat,  
 And bend our heads, adoring, at our Maker's feet.  
 Thus should we mount on bold adventurous wings  
 In high discourse, and dwell on heavenly things :  
 While the pleased hours in sweet succession move,  
 And minutes measured, as they are above,  
 By ever-circling joys, and ever-shining love.

Anon our thoughts should lower their lofty flight,  
 Sink by degrees, and take a pleasing sight,  
 A large round prospect of the spreading plain,  
 The wealthy river, and his winding train,  
 The smoky city, and the busy men.  
 How we should smile to see degenerate worms  
 Lavish their lives, and fight for airy forms  
 Of painted honour, dreams of empty sound,  
 Till Envy rise, and shoot a secret wound

At swelling Glory; straight the bubble breaks,  
And the scenes vanish, as the man awakes;  
Then the tall titles, insolent and proud,  
Sink to the dust, and mingle with the crowd.

Man is a restless thing; still vain and wild;  
Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child:  
His hurrying lusts still break the sacred bound  
To seek new pleasures on forbidden ground,  
And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool,  
For a short dying joy to sell a deathless soul!  
'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,  
And reap the long sad harvest of immortal woe.

Another tribe toil in a different strife,  
And banish all the lawful sweets of life,  
To sweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore,  
Hide the dear dust yet darker than before,  
And never dare to use a grain of all the store.

Happy the man that knows the value just  
Of earthly things, nor is enslaved to dust.  
'Tis a rich gift the skies but rarely send  
To favourite souls. Then happy thou, my friend:  
For thou hadst learn'd to manage and command  
The wealth that Heaven bestow'd with liberal  
hand:

Hence this fair structure rose; and hence this seat  
Made to invite my not unwilling feet;  
In vain 'twas made! for we shall never meet,  
And smile, and love, and bless each other here,  
The envious tomb forbids thy face to' appear;  
Detains thee, Gunston, from my longing eyes,  
And all my hopes lie buried where my Gunston lies.

Come hither, all ye tenderest souls, that know  
The heights of fondness, and the depths of woe;

Young mothers, who your darling babes have found  
Untimely murder'd with a ghastly wound ;  
Ye frighted nymphs, who on the bridal bed  
Clasp'd in your arms your lovers cold and dead,  
Come in the pomp of all your wild despair,  
With flowing eyelids and disorder'd hair,  
Death in your looks ; come mingle grief with me,  
And drown your little streams in my unbounded  
sea.

You sacred mourners of a nobler mould,  
Born for a friend, whose dear embraces hold  
Beyond all Nature's ties : you that have known  
Two happy souls made intimately one,  
And felt a parting stroke ; 'tis you must tell  
The smart, the twinges, and the racks I feel.  
This soul of mine that dreadful wound has borne :  
Off from its side its dearest half is torn,  
The rest lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.  
Oh, infinite distress ! such raging grief  
Should command pity, and despair relief :  
Passion, methinks, should rise from all my groans,  
Give sense to rocks, and sympathy to stones.

Ye dusky woods and echoing hills around,  
Repeat my cries with a perpetual sound :  
Be all ye flowery vales with thorns o'ergrown,  
Assist my sorrows, and declare your own ;  
Alas ! your lord is dead. The humble plain  
Must ne'er receive his courteous feet again.  
Mourn, ye gay smiling meadows, and be seen  
In wintry robes, instead of youthful green ;  
And bid the brook, that still runs warbling by,  
Move silent on, and weep his useless channel dry.  
Hither methinks the lowing herd should come,  
And mourning turtles murmur o'er his tomb :



The oak shall wither, and the curling vine  
 Weep his young life out, while his arms untwine  
 Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding soul  
 with mine.

Ye stately elms, in your long order mourn<sup>1</sup>,  
 Strip off your pride to dress your master's urn:  
 Here gently drop your leaves instead of tears:  
 Ye elms, the reverend growth of ancient years,  
 Stand tall and naked to the blustering rage  
 Of the mad winds; thus it becomes your age  
 To show your sorrows. Often ye have seen  
 Our heads reclined upon the rising green;  
 Beneath your sacred shade diffused we lay,  
 Here Friendship reign'd with an unbounded sway;  
 Hither our souls their constant offerings brought,  
 The burdens of the breast and labours of the  
 thought:

Our opening bosoms on the conscious ground  
 Spread all the sorrows and the joys we found,  
 And mingled every care; nor was it known  
 Which of the pains and pleasures were our own;  
 Then with an equal hand and honest soul  
 We share the heap, yet both possess the whole,  
 And all the passions there through both our bo-  
 soms roll.

By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,  
 And bear and ease by turns the sympathy of pain.

Friendship! mysterious thing, what magic  
 powers

Support thy sway, and charm these minds of ours?  
 Bound to thy foot, we boast our birthright still,  
 And dream of freedom, when we've lost our will,

<sup>1</sup> There was a long row of tall elms then standing, where  
 some time after the lower garden was made.

And changed away our souls : at thy command  
We snatch new miseries from a foreign hand,  
To call them ours ; and, thoughtless of our ease,  
Plague the dear self that we were born to please.  
Thou tyranness of minds, whose cruel throne  
Heaps on poor mortals sorrows not their own :  
As though our mother Nature could no more  
Find woes sufficient for each son she bore,  
Friendship divides the shares, and lengthens out  
the store.

Yet are we fond of thine imperious reign,  
Proud of thy slavery, wanton in our pain,  
And chide the courteous hand when death dis-  
solves the chain.

Virtue, forgive the thought ! the raving Muse,  
Wild and despairing, knows not what she does ;  
Grows mad in grief, and in her savage hours  
Affronts the name she loves and she adores.  
She is thy votaress, too : and at thy shrine,  
O sacred Friendship, offer'd songs divine,  
While Gunston lived, and both our souls were  
thine.

Here to these shades at solemn hours we came,  
To pay devotion with a mutual flame ;  
Partners in bliss. Sweet luxury of the mind !  
And sweet the aids of sense ! Each ruder wind  
Slept in its caverns, while an evening breeze  
Fann'd the leaves gently, 'sporting through the  
trees ;

The linnet and the lark their vespers sung,  
And clouds of crimson o'er the' horizon hung ;  
The slow-declining Sun, with sloping wheels,  
Sunk down the golden day behind the western hills.

Mourn, ye young gardens, ye unfinish'd gates,  
Ye green enclosures, and ye growing sweets,  
Lament; for ye our midnight hours have known,  
And watch'd us walking by the silent moon  
In conference divine, while heavenly fire  
Kindling our breasts, did all our thoughts inspire  
With joys almost immortal; then our zeal  
Blazed and burn'd high to reach the' etherial hill,  
And love refined, like that above the poles,  
Threw both our arms round one another's souls  
In rapture and embraces. Oh forbear,  
Forbear, my song! this is too much to hear,  
Too dreadful to repeat; such joys as these  
Fled from the earth for ever!——

Oh, for a general grief! let all things share  
Our woes, that knew our loves; the neighbouring  
air,

Let it be laden with immortal sighs,  
And tell the gales, that every breath that flies  
Over the fields should murmur and complain,  
And kiss the fading grass, and propagate the pain.  
Weep, all ye buildings, and the groves around,  
For ever weep: this is an endless wound,  
Vast and incurable. Ye buildings knew  
His silver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:  
At that dear sound no more shall ye rejoice,  
And I no more must hear the charming voice:  
Woe to my drooping soul! that heavenly breath  
That could speak life lies now congeal'd in death;  
While on his folded lips, all cold and pale,  
Eternal chains and heavy silence dwell.

Yet my fond hope would hear him speak again,  
Once more, at least, one gentle word, and then

Gunston aloud I call: in vain I cry  
 Gunston aloud; for he must ne'er reply.  
 In vain I mourn, and drop these funeral tears,  
 Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears:  
 Wandering, I tune my sorrows to the groves,  
 And vent my swelling griefs, and tell the winds  
 our loves;

While the dear youth sleeps fast and hears them not:  
 He hath forgot me. In the lonesome vault,  
 Mindless of Watts and Friendship, cold he lies,  
 Deaf and unthinking clay.————

But whither am I led? This artless grief  
 Hurries the Muse on, obstinate and deaf  
 To all the nicer rules, and bears her down  
 From the tall fabric to the neighbouring ground:  
 The pleasing hours, the happy moments, pass'd  
 In these sweet fields reviving on my taste,  
 Snatch me away resistless with impetuous haste.  
 Spread thy strong pinions once again, my song,  
 And reach the turret thou hast left so long;  
 O'er the wide roof its lofty head it rears,  
 Long waiting our converse; but only hears  
 The noisy tumults of the realms on high:  
 The winds salute it, whistling, as they fly,  
 Or jarring round the windows: rattling showers  
 Lash the fair sides; above, loud thunder roars:  
 But still the master sleeps; nor hears the voice  
 Of sacred Friendship, nor the tempest's noise:  
 An iron slumber sits on every sense,  
 In vain the heavenly thunders strive to rouse it  
 thence.

One labour more, my Muse, the golden sphere  
 Seems to demand. See through the dusky air

Downward it shines upon the rising moon ;  
And, as she labours up to reach her noon,  
Pursues her orb with repercussive light,  
And streaming gold repays the paler beams of night ;  
But not one ray can reach the darksome grave,  
Or pierce the solid gloom that fills the cave  
Where Gunston dwells in death. Behold it flames  
Like some new meteor, with diffusive beams,  
Through the mid-heaven, and overcomes the stars ;  
' So shines thy Gunston's soul above the spheres,  
(Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears)  
We saw the flesh sink down with closing eyes,  
We heard thy grief shriek out, " he dies, he dies !"  
Mistaken grief ! to call the flesh the friend !  
On our fair wings did the bright youth ascend,  
All Heaven embraced him with immortal love,  
And sung his welcome to the courts above.  
Gentle Ithuriel led him round the skies,  
The buildings struck him with immense surprise ;  
The spires all radiant and the mansions bright,  
The roof high-vaulted with ethereal light :  
Beauty and strength on the tall bulwarks sat  
In heavenly diamond ; and for every gate  
On golden hinges a broad ruby turns ;  
Guards off the foe, and as it moves it burns ;  
Millions of glories reign through every part :  
Infinite power and uncreated art  
Stand here display'd, and to the stranger show  
How it outshines the noblest seats below.  
The stranger fed his gazing powers a while,  
Transported : then, with a regardless smile,  
Glanced his eye downward through the crystal floor,  
And took eternal leave of what he built before.'

Now, fair Urania, leave the doleful strain;  
Raphael commands: assume thy joys again.  
In everlasting numbers sing, and say,  
'Gunston has moved his dwelling to the realms of  
day;  
Gunston, the friend, lives still: and give thy groans  
away.'

---

AN

ELEGY ON MR. THOMAS GOUGE.

---

TO

MR. ARTHUR SHALLET, MERCHANT.

WORTHY SIR,

THE subject of the following elegy was high in your esteem, and enjoyed a large share of your affection. Scarce doth his memory need the assistance of the Muse to make it perpetual; but when she can at once pay her honours to the venerable dead, and by this address acknowledge the favours she has received from the living, it is a double pleasure to,

SIR,

Your obliged humble servant,

I. WATTS.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE  
 REV. MR. THOMAS GOUGE,  
 WHO DIED JAN. 8, 1700.

YE virgin souls, whose sweet complaint<sup>1</sup>  
 Could teach Euphrates not to flow<sup>2</sup>  
 Could Sion's ruin so divinely paint,  
 Array'd in beauty and in woe;  
 Awake, ye virgin souls, to mourn,  
 And with your tuneful sorrows dress a prophet's urn.  
 O could my lips or flowing eyes  
 But imitate such charming grief,  
 I'd teach the seas, and teach the skies,  
 Wailings, and sobs, and sympathies;  
 Nor should the stones or rocks be deaf;  
 Rocks shall have eyes, and stones have ears,  
 While Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody and  
 tears.

Heaven was impatient of our crimes,  
 And sent his minister of death  
 To scourge the bold rebellion of the times,  
 And to demand our prophet's breath:  
 He came, commission'd, for the fates  
 Of awful Mead, and charming Bates:  
 There he essay'd the vengeance first,  
 Then took a dismal aim, and brought great Gouge  
 to dust.

Great Gouge to dust! how doleful is the sound!  
 How vast the stroke is! and how wide the wound!

<sup>1</sup> Psalm cxxxvii.

<sup>2</sup> Lament. i. 2, 3.

Oh, painful stroke! distressing death!

A wound unmeasurably wide!

No vulgar mortal died

When he resign'd his breath.

The Muse that mourns a nation's fall

Should wait at Gouge's funeral;

Should mingle majesty and groans,

Such as she sings to sinking thrones,

And, in deep sounding numbers, tell

How Sion trembled when this pillar fell:

Sion grows weak, and England poor,

Nature herself, with all her store,

Can furnish such a pomp for Death no more.

The reverend man let all things mourn;

Sure he was some ethereal mind,

Fated in flesh to be confined,

And order'd to be born.

His soul was of the' angelic frame,

The same ingredients, and the mould the same,

When the Creator makes a minister of flame;

He was all form'd of heavenly things.

Mortals, believe what my Urania sings,

For she has seen him rise upon his flamy wings.

How would he mount, how would he fly,

Up through the ocean of the sky,

Toward the celestial coast!

With what amazing swiftness soar,

Till earth's dark ball was seen no more,

And all its mountains lost!

Scarce could the Muse pursue him with her sight:

But, angels, you can tell;

For oft you met his wondrous flight,

And knew the stranger well;



Say, how he pass'd the radiant spheres,  
And visited your happy seats,  
And traced the well-known turnings of the golden  
streets,  
And walk'd among the stars.

Tell how he climb'd the everlasting hills,  
Surveying all the realms above,  
Borne on a strong-wing'd faith, and on the fiery  
wheels  
Of an immortal love.

'Twas there he took a glorious sight  
Of the 'inheritance of saints in light,'  
And read their title in their Saviour's right.  
How oft the humble scholar came,  
And to your songs he raised his ears,  
To learn the' unutterable Name,  
To view the' eternal base that bears  
The new creation's frame.  
The countenance of God he saw,  
Full of mercy, full of awe,  
The glories of his power, and glories of his grace.  
There he beheld the wondrous springs  
Of those celestial, sacred things,  
The peaceful gospel and the fiery law,  
In that majestic face.  
That face did all his gazing powers employ,  
With most profound abasement and exalted joy:  
The rolls of Fate were half unseal'd,  
He stood, adoring by;  
The volumes open'd to his eye;  
And sweet intelligence he held  
With all his shining kindred of the sky.

Ye seraphs that surround the throne,  
 Tell how his name was through the palace known,  
 How warm his zeal was, and how like your own:  
 Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,

And bold blasphemers shrink and fear<sup>3</sup>.  
 Impudent tongues! to blast a prophet's name;  
 The poison, sure, was fetch'd from Hell,  
 Where the old blasphemers dwell,  
 To taint the purest dust, and blot the whitest fame!  
 Impudent tongues! you should be darted through,  
 Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie,  
 Useless and dead till Slander die,

Till Slander die with you.

' We saw him, (said the' ethereal throng)  
 We saw his warm devotions rise,  
 We heard the fervour of his cries,  
 And mix'd his praises with our song:  
 We knew the secret flights of his retiring hours:  
 Nightly he waked his inward powers;  
 Young Israel rose to wrestle with his God,  
 And with unconquer'd force, scaled the celestial  
 towers,  
 To reach the blessing down for those that sought  
 his blood.

Oft we beheld the Thunderer's hand  
 Raised high to crush the factious foe;  
 As oft we saw the rolling vengeance stand,  
 Doubtful to' obey the dread command,  
 While his ascending prayer upheld the falling blow.'

Draw the past scenes of thy delight,  
 My Muse, and bring the wondrous man to sight;

<sup>3</sup> Though so great and good a man, he did not escape censure.

Place him surrounded, as he stood,  
 With pious crowds, while from his tongue  
 A stream of harmony ran soft along,  
 And every ear drank in the flowing good :  
 Softly it ran its silver way,  
 Till warm devotion raised the current strong ;  
 Then fervid zeal on the sweet deluge rode,  
 Life, love, and glory, grace and joy,  
 Divinely roll'd promiscuous on the torrent-flood,  
 And bore our raptured sense away, and thoughts,  
 and souls to God.  
 O might we dwell for ever there !  
 No more return to breathe this grosser air,  
 This atmosphere of sin, calamity, and care !

But heavenly scenes soon leave the sight  
 While we belong to clay,  
 Passions of terror and delight  
 Demand alternate sway :  
 Behold the man whose awful voice  
 Could well proclaim the fiery law,  
 Kindle the flames that Moses saw,  
 And swell the trumpet's warlike noise.  
 He stands the herald of the threatening skies :  
 Lo, on his reverend brow the frowns divinely rise,  
 All Sinai's thunder on his tongue, and lightning in  
 his eyes.  
 Round the high roof the curses flew,  
 Distinguishing each guilty head,  
 Far from the' unequal war the atheist fled,  
 His kindled arrows still pursue,  
 His arrows strike the atheist through,  
 And o'er his inmost powers a shuddering horror  
 spread.

The marble heart groans with an inward wound :  
 Blaspheming souls of harden'd steel  
 Shriek out, amazed at the new pangs they feel,  
 And dread the echoes of the sound.  
 The lofty wretch, arm'd and array'd  
 In gaudy pride, sinks down his impious head,  
 Plunges in dark despair, and mingles with the dead.

Now, Muse, assume a softer strain,  
 Now sooth the sinner's raging smart,  
 Borrow of Gouge the wondrous art [pain :  
 To calm the surging conscience, and assuage the  
 He from a bleeding God derives  
 Life for the souls that guilt had slain,  
 And straight the dying rebel lives,  
 The dead arise again ;  
 The opening skies almost obey  
 His powerful song ; a heavenly ray  
 Awakes despair to light and sheds a cheerful day.  
 His wondrous voice rolls back the spheres,  
 Recalls the scenes of ancient years,  
 To make the Saviour known ;  
 Sweetly the flying charmer roves  
 Through all his labours and his loves,  
 The anguish of his cross and triumphs of his throne.  
 Come, he invites our feet to try  
 The steep ascent of Calvary,  
 And sets the fatal tree before our eye :  
 See here celestial sorrow reigns ;  
 Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,  
 Tinged with the crimson of redeeming veins.  
 In wondrous words he sung the vital flood  
 Where all our sins were drown'd,  
 Words fit to heal and fit to wound ;  
 Sharp as the spear and balmy as the blood.

In his discourse divine,  
 Afresh the purple fountain flow'd ;  
 Our falling tears kept sympathetic time,  
 And trickled to the ground,  
 While every accent gave a doleful sound,  
 Sad as the breaking heart-strings of the' expiring  
 God.

Down to the mansions of the dead  
 With trembling joy our souls are led,  
 The captives of his tongue :  
 There the dear Prince of Light reclines his head,  
 Darkness and shades among.  
 With pleasing horror we survey  
 The caverns of the tomb,  
 Where the beloved Redeemer lay,  
 And shed a sweet perfume.  
 Hark ! the old earthquake roars again  
 In Gouge's voice, and breaks the chain  
 Of heavy Death, and rends the tombs ;  
 The rising God ! he comes, he comes, [train.  
 With throngs of waking saints, a long triumphing  
 See the bright squadrons of the sky,  
 Downward, on wings of joy and haste, they fly,  
 Meet their returning Sovereign, and attend him  
 A shining car the conqueror fills, [high.  
 Form'd of a golden cloud ;  
 Slowly the pomp moves up the azure hills,  
 Old Satan foams and yells aloud,  
 And gnaws the' eternal brass that binds him to  
 the wheels.  
 The opening gates of bliss receive their King,  
 The Father-God smiles on his Son,  
 Pays him the honours he has won ;  
 The lofty thrones adore, and little cherubs sing.

Behold him on his native throne,  
Glory sits fast upon his head ;  
Dress'd in new light and beamy robes,  
His hand rolls on the seasons and the shining globes,  
And sways the living worlds, and regions of the  
dead.

Gouge was his envoy to the realm below !  
Vast was his trust, and great his skill,  
Bright the credentials he could show,  
And thousands own'd the seal.  
His hallow'd lips could well impart  
The grace, the promise, and command :  
He knew the pity of Immanuel's heart,  
And terrors of Jehovah's hand :  
How did our souls start out to hear  
The embassies of love he bare,  
While every ear in rapture hung  
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue !  
Life's busy cares a sacred silence bound,  
Attention stood with all her powers,  
With fixed eyes and awe profound,  
Chain'd to the pleasure of the sound,  
Nor knew the flying hours.

But, O my everlasting grief !  
Heaven has recall'd his envoy from our eyes ;  
Hence deluges of sorrow rise,  
Nor hope the' impossible relief !  
Ye remnants of the sacred tribe,  
Who feel the loss, come share the smart,  
And mix your groans with mine :  
Where is the tongue that can describe  
Infinite things with equal art,  
Or language so divine ?

Our passions want the heavenly flame,  
Almighty Love breathes faintly in our songs,  
And awful threatenings languish on our tongues;  
Howe is a great but single name :  
Amidst the crowd he stands alone ;  
Stands yet, but with his starry pinions on,  
Dress'd for the flight, and ready to be gone :  
Eternal God ! command his stay,  
Stretch the dear months of his delay ;  
O we could wish his age were one immortal day !  
But when the flaming chariot's come,  
And shining guards to' attend thy prophet home,  
Amidst a thousand weeping eyes,  
Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size,  
Or burn this worthless globe, and take us to the  
skies.



# SONGS, DIVINE AND MORAL.

---

## PREFACE.

TO ALL THAT ARE CONCERNED IN THE EDUCATION OF  
CHILDREN.

MY FRIENDS,

It is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generation are entrusted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery or happiness in this world, and that to come, are oftentimes sown very early: and therefore, whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a relish for virtue and religion, ought, in the first place, to be proposed to you.

Verse was at first designed for the service of God, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The ancients, among the Jews and the Heathens, taught their children and disciples the precepts of morality and worship in verse. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the words of the song of Moses, Deut. xxxi. 19, 30, and we are directed in the New Testament, not only to sing 'with grace in the heart,' but to 'teach and admonish one another by hymns and



songs.' Ephes. v. 19. And there are these four advantages in it.

I. There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is something so amusing and entertaining in rhymes and metre, that will incline children to make this part of their business a diversion. And you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of these Songs every week, if they fulfil the business of the week well, and promising them the book itself, when they have learned ten or twenty songs out of it.

II. What is learned in verse is longer retained in memory, and sooner recollected. The like sounds, and the like number of syllables, exceedingly assist the remembrance. And it may often happen that the end of a song running in the mind, may be an effectual means to keep off some temptations, or to incline to some duty, when a word of Scripture is not upon their thoughts.

III. This will be a constant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have something to think upon when alone, and sing over to themselves. This may sometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raise a young meditation. Thus they will not be forced to seek relief for an emptiness of mind, out of the loose and dangerous sonnets of the age.

IV. These Divine Songs may be a pleasant and proper matter for their daily or weekly wor-

ship, to sing one in the family, at such time as the parents or governors shall appoint; and therefore I have confined the verse to the most usual psalm tunes.

The greatest part of this little book was composed several years ago, at the request of a friend, who has been long engaged in the work of catechising a very great number of children of all kinds, and with abundant skill and success. So that you will find here nothing that savours of a party: the children of high and low degree, of the Church of England or Dissenters, baptized in infancy or not, may all join together in these songs. And as I have endeavoured to sink the language to the level of a child's understanding, and yet to keep it, if possible, above contempt; so I have designed to profit all, if possible, and offend none. I hope the more general the sense is, these composures may be of the more universal use and service.

I have added at the end, some attempts of sonnets on moral subjects, for children, with an air of pleasantry, to provoke some fitter pen to write a little book of them.

May the Almighty God make you faithful in this important work of education; may he succeed your cares with his abundant grace; that the rising generation of Great Britain may be a glory among the nations, a pattern to the Christian world, and a blessing to the earth!

\*

## DIVINE SONGS

### For Children.

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Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise. MATTHEW xxi. 16.

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A

#### GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

How glorious is our heavenly King,  
Who reigns above the sky!  
How shall a child presume to sing  
His dreadful majesty?

How great his power is, none can tell,  
Nor think how large his grace;  
Not men below, nor saints that dwell  
On high before his face.

Not angels that stand round the Lord  
Can search his secret will;  
But they perform his heavenly word,  
And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,  
And my first offerings bring:  
The' eternal God will not disdain  
To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,  
And angels shall rejoice  
To hear their mighty Maker's praise  
Sound from a feeble voice.

## PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

I SING the' almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
The Sun to rule the day ;  
The Moon shines full at his command,  
And all the Stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That fill'd the earth with food :  
He form'd the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounced them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,  
Where'er I turn mine eye !  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky !

There 's not a plant or flower below  
But makes thy glory known ;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)  
Are subject to thy care ;  
There 's not a place where we can flee  
But God is present there.

In Heaven he shines with beams of love,  
With wrath in Hell beneath !  
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,  
And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard ;  
He keeps me with his eye ;  
Why should I then forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh ?

---

PRAISE TO GOD FOR OUR REDEMPTION.

BLESS'D be the wisdom and the power,  
The justice and the grace,  
That join'd in council to restore  
And save our ruin'd race,

Our father ate forbidden fruit,  
And from his glory fell !  
And we his children thus were brought  
To Death, and near to Hell.

Bless'd be the Lord that sent his Son  
To take our flesh and blood ;  
He for our lives gave up his own,  
To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,  
Which we have disobey'd ;  
He bore our sins upon the cross,  
And our full ransom paid.

Behold him rising from the grave ;  
Behold him raised on high :  
He pleads his merit, there to save  
Transgressors doom'd to die.

There, on a glorious throne, he reigns,  
And by his power divine  
Redeems us from the slavish chains  
Of Satan and of Sin.

Thence shall the Lord to Judgment come,  
And with a sovereign voice  
Shall call, and break up every tomb,  
While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear  
Before the Judge's face,  
And with the bless'd assembly there  
Sing his redeeming grace !

---

---

PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL AND  
TEMPORAL.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,  
How many poor I see !  
What shall I render to my God  
For all his gifts to me ?

Not more than others I deserve,  
Yet God has given me more ;  
For I have food while others starve,  
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street  
Half naked I behold !  
While I am clothed from head to feet,  
And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell  
Where they may lay their head ;  
I have a home wherein to dwell,  
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,  
And curse, and lie, and steal :  
Lord! I am taught thy name to fear,  
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours day by day  
To me above the rest ?  
Then let me love thee more than they,  
And try to serve thee best.



PRAISE FOR BIRTH AND EDUCATION  
IN A CHRISTIAN LAND.

GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,  
To thee my youngest hours belong ;  
I would begin my life with praise,  
Till growing years improve my song.

'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe  
That I was born on British ground ;  
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,  
And words of sweet salvation sound.

I would not change my native land  
For rich Peru with all her gold ;  
A nobler prize lies in my hand,  
Than East or Western Indies hold.

How do I pity those that dwell  
Where ignorance and darkness reign !  
They know no Heaven, they fear no Hell,  
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord !  
Kindle my hopes and my desire ;  
While all the preachers of thy word  
Warn me to scape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,  
Since thou hast mark'd my way to Heaven ;  
Nor will I run the road to Death,  
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

---

### PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,  
And not to Chance, as others do,  
That I was born of Christian race,  
And not a Heathen or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewish kings  
And Jewish prophets once have given,  
Could they have heard those glorious things,  
Which Christ reveal'd, and brought from Heaven !



How glad the Heathens would have been,  
 That worship'd idols, wood, and stone,  
 If they the book of God had seen,  
 Or Jesus and his Gospel known !

Then if this Gospel I refuse,  
 How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes ?  
 For all the Gentiles and the Jews  
 Against me will in judgment rise.

---

THE

**EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.**

**GREAT** God, with wonder and with praise  
 On all thy works I look :  
 But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,  
 Shine brightest in thy book.

The stars, that in their courses roll,  
 Have much instruction given ;  
 But thy good Word informs my soul  
 How I may climb to Heaven.

The fields provide me food, and show  
 The goodness of the Lord ;  
 But fruits of life and glory grow  
 In thy most holy Word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,  
 Here my best comfort lies ;  
 Here my desires are satisfied,  
 And hence my hopes arise.

Lord! make me understand thy law;  
Show what my thoughts have been :  
And from thy Gospel let me draw  
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ had died  
To save my soul from Hell :  
Not all the books on earth beside  
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,  
And take a fresh delight  
By day to read these wonders o'er,  
And meditate by night.

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PRAISE TO GOD FOR LEARNING TO  
READ.

THE praises of my tongue  
I offer to the Lord,  
That I was taught and learn'd so young  
To read his holy Word.

That I am brought to know  
The danger I was in,  
By nature and by practice too,  
A wretched slave to sin,

That I am led to see  
I can do nothing well ;  
And whither shall a sinner flee  
To save himself from Hell ?

Dear Lord! this book of thine  
Informs me where to go,  
For grace to pardon all my sin,  
And make me holy too.

Here I can read, and learn  
How Christ, the Son of God,  
Has undertook our great concern ;  
Our ransom cost his blood.

And now he reigns above,  
He sends his Spirit down,  
To show the wonders of his love,  
And make his Gospel known.

O may that Spirit teach,  
And make my heart receive  
Those truths which all thy servants preach,  
And all thy saints believe.

Then shall I praise the Lord  
In a more cheerful strain,  
That I was taught to read his Word,  
And have not learn'd in vain.

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THE

### ALL-SEEING GOD.

ALMIGHTY God! thy piercing eye  
Strikes through the shades of night,  
And our most secret actions lie  
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,  
Nor wicked word we say,  
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,  
Against the judgment-day.

And must the crimes that I have done  
Be read and publish'd there ?  
Be all exposed before the Sun,  
While men and angels hear ?

Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie ;  
Upward I dare not look ;  
Pardon my sins before I die,  
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains  
That my Redeemer felt,  
And let his blood wash out my stains,  
And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear  
To' indulge a sinful thought,  
Since the great God can see and hear,  
And writes down every fault.



#### SOLEMN THOUGHTS OF GOD AND DEATH.

THERE is a God that reigns above,  
Lord of the Heavens, and Earth, and Seas !  
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,  
And with my lips I sing his praise.

There is a law which he has writ,  
To teach us all that we must do :  
My soul, to his commands submit,  
For they are holy, just, and true.

There is a Gospel of rich grace,  
Whence sinners all their comforts draw ;  
Lord! I repent and seek thy face ;  
For I have often broke thy law.

There is an hour when I must die,  
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come :  
A thousand children, young as I,  
Are call'd by Death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,  
Before the day of grace is fled :  
There's no repentance in the grave,  
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

Just as a tree cut down, that fell  
To north or southward, there it lies ;  
So man departs to Heaven or Hell,  
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

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## HEAVEN AND HELL.

THERE is beyond the sky  
A Heaven of joy and love ;  
And holy children, when they die,  
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful Hell,  
And everlasting pains ;  
There sinners must with devils dwell,  
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I  
Escape this cursed end ?  
And may I hope, whene'er I die,  
I shall to Heaven ascend ?

Then will I read and pray,  
While I have life and breath :  
Lest I should be cut off to-day,  
And sent to' eternal death.

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THE

ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

HAPPY 's the child whose youngest years  
Receive instruction well :  
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
The road that leads to Hell.

When we devote our youth to God,  
'Tis pleasing in his eyes :  
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes ;  
While sinners that grow old in sin,  
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,  
 To mind religion young ;  
 Grace will preserve our following years,  
 And make our virtue strong.

To thee, almighty God ! to thee,  
 Our childhood we resign ;  
 'Twill please us to look back and see  
 That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise  
 Employ my youngest breath ;  
 Thus I'm prepared for longer days,  
 Or fit for early death.



## THE

## DANGER OF DELAY.

WHY should I say, 'Tis yet too soon  
 To seek for Heaven, or think of death ?  
 A flower may fade before 'tis noon,  
 And I this day may lose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine  
 Despise the gracious calls of Heaven,  
 I may be harden'd in my sin,  
 And never have repentance given.

What if the Lord grow wrath, and swear  
 While I refuse to read and pray,  
 That he'll refuse to lend an ear  
 To all my groans another day !

What if his dreadful anger burn,  
While I refuse his offer'd grace,  
And all his love to fury turn,  
And strike me dead upon the place?

'Tis dangerous to provoke a God!  
His power and vengeance none can tell;  
One stroke of his almighty rod  
Shall send young sinners quick to Hell.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain  
To cry for pardon and for grace;  
To wish I had my time again,  
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

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### EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY.

WHAT bless'd examples do I find  
Writ in the word of truth,  
Of children that began to mind  
Religion in their youth.

Jesus, who reigns above the sky,  
And keeps the world in awe,  
Was once a child as young as I,  
And kept his Father's law.

At twelve years old he talk'd with men,  
(The Jews all wondering stand)  
Yet he obey'd his mother then,  
And came at her command.



Children a sweet hosanna sung,  
And bless'd their Saviour's name ;  
They gave him honour with their tongue,  
While scribes and priests blaspheme.

Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought  
To wait upon the Lord :  
Young Timothy betimes was taught  
To know his holy Word.

Then why should I so long delay  
What others learn so soon ?  
I would not pass another day  
Without this work begun.

---

### AGAINST LYING.

O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth  
To walk betimes in Wisdom's way ;  
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,  
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,  
Though they should speak the thing that's true ;  
And he that does one fault at first,  
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,  
How God abhors deceit and wrong ?  
How Ananias was struck dead,  
Catch'd with a lie upon his tongue ?

So did his wife, Sapphira, die,  
When she came in and grew so bold  
As to confirm that wicked lie,  
That, just before, her husband told.

The Lord delights in them that speak  
The words of truth; but every liar  
Must have his portion in the lake  
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,  
Lest I be struck to death and Hell,  
Since God a book of reckoning keeps  
For every lie that children tell.

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#### AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHTING,

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so;  
Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let  
Such angry passions rise;  
Your little hands were never made  
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,  
And all your words be mild;  
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,  
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;  
And as his stature grew,  
He grew in favour both with man,  
And God his Father too.

Now Lord of all he reigns above,  
And from his heavenly throne  
He sees what children dwell in love,  
And marks them for his own.

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### LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,  
There should be peace at home;  
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,  
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree:  
And 'tis a shameful sight,  
When children of one family  
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threatening words,  
That are but noisy breath,  
May grow to clubs or naked swords,  
To murder and to death.

The Devil tempts one mother's son  
To rage against another;  
So wicked Cain was hurried on  
Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,  
At least before 'tis night ;  
But in the bosom of a fool  
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,  
Our little brawls remove ;  
That, as we grow to riper age,  
Our hearts may all be love.

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#### AGAINST SCOFFING AND CALLING NAMES.

OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,  
And not speak ill of men ;  
When others give a railing word,  
We must not rail again.

Cross words and angry names require  
To be chastised at school ;  
And he's in danger of hell-fire  
That calls his brother fool.

But lips that dare be so profane  
To mock, and jeer, and scoff  
At holy things or holy men,  
The Lord shall cut them off.

When children, in their wanton play,  
Served old Elisha so ;  
And bid the prophet go his way,  
'Go up, thou bald-head, go.'

God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,  
And sent two raging bears,  
That tore them limb from limb to death,  
With blood, and groans, and tears.

Great God ! how terrible art thou  
To sinners e'er so young !  
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how  
To tame and rule my tongue.



AGAINST SWEARING AND CURSING, AND  
TAKING GOD'S NAME IN VAIN.

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,  
Adore thy name, almighty God !  
And devils tremble down in Hell  
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

And yet how wicked children dare  
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name !  
And when they're angry, how they swear,  
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme !

How will they stand before thy face,  
Who treated thee with such disdain,  
While thou shalt doom them to the place  
Of everlasting fire and pain ?

Then never shall one cooling drop  
To quench their burning tongues be given ;  
But I will praise thee here, and hope  
Thus to employ my tongue in Heaven.

My heart shall be in pain to hear  
Wretches affront the Lord above :  
'Tis that great God whose power I fear ;  
That heavenly Father whom I love.

If my companions grow profane,  
I'll leave their friendship, when I hear  
Young sinners take thy name in vain,  
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

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### AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower !

How skilfully she builds her cell !  
How neat she spreads the wax !  
And labours hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,  
I would be busy too ;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be pass'd,  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.

## AGAINST EVIL COMPANY.

WHY should I join with those in play,  
In whom I've no delight  
Who curse and swear, but never pray;  
Who call ill names and fight?

I hate to hear a wanton song;  
Their words offend mine ears;  
I should not dare defile my tongue  
With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,  
Nor with the scoffers go:  
I would be walking with the wise,  
That wiser I may grow.

From one rude boy that used to mock,  
They learn the wicked jest;  
One sickly sheep infects the flock,  
And poisons all the rest.

My God! I hate to walk or dwell  
With sinful children here:  
Then let me not be sent to Hell,  
Where none but sinners are.



## AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES.

WHY should our garments, made to hide  
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?  
The art of dress did ne'er begin  
Till Eve, our mother, learn'd to sin.

When first she put her covering on,  
Her robe of innocence was gone ;  
And yet her children vainly boast  
In the sad marks of glory lost.

How proud we are ! how fond to shew  
Our clothes, and call them rich and new !  
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore  
That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly  
Appear in gayer coats than I ;  
Let me be dress'd fine as I will,  
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find  
Inward adornings of the mind ;  
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,  
These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare ;  
This is the raiment angels wear ;  
The Son of God, when here below,  
Put on this bless'd apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,  
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould :  
It takes no spot, but still refines ;  
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

In this on Earth should I appear,  
Then go to Heaven and wear it there ;  
God will approve it in his sight ;  
'Tis his own work, and his delight.



## OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

LET children that would fear the Lord  
Hear what their teachers say ;  
With reverence meet their parents' word,  
And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues  
Are threaten'd by the Lord,  
To him that breaks his father's law,  
Or mocks his mother's word ?

What heavy guilt upon him lies !  
How cursed is his name !  
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,  
And eagles eat the same.

But those who worship God, and give  
Their parents honour due,  
Here on this Earth they long shall live,  
And live hereafter too.



## THE CHILD'S COMPLAINT.

WHY should I love my sport so well,  
So constant at my play ;  
And lose the thoughts of Heaven and Hell,  
And then forget to pray ?

What do I read my Bible for,  
But, Lord, to learn thy will ;  
And shall I daily know thee more,  
And less obey thee still ?

How senseless is my heart, and wild !  
How vain are all my thoughts !  
Pity the weakness of a child,  
And pardon all my faults !

Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,  
And let me love to pray ;  
Since God will lend a gracious ear  
To what a child can say.



### A MORNING SONG.

My God, who makes the Sun to know  
His proper hour to rise,  
And to give light to all below,  
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east  
His morning race begins,  
He never tires, nor stops to rest ;  
But round the world he shines.

So, like the Sun, would I fulfil  
The business of the day ;  
Begin my work betimes, and still  
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,  
Nor let my soul complain  
That the young morning of my days  
Has all been spent in vain.

## AN EVENING SONG.

AND now another day is gone,  
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;  
My comforts every hour make known  
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste !  
My sins, how great their sum !  
Lord, give me pardon for the past,  
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep ;  
Let angels guard my head,  
And through the hours of darkness keep  
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,  
Since thou wilt not remove ;  
And in the morning let me rise  
Rejoicing in thy love.



## FOR THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

THIS is the day when Christ arose  
So early from the dead ;  
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,  
And waste my hours in bed ?

This is the day when Jesus broke  
The power of Death and Hell ;  
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,  
And love my sins so well ?

To-day with pleasure Christians meet,  
To pray and hear the word :  
And I would go with cheerful feet  
To learn thy will, O Lord !

I'll leave my sport, to read and pray,  
And so prepare for Heaven :  
O may I love this blessed day  
The best of all the seven !

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### FOR THE LORD'S DAY EVENING.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship thee !  
At once they sing, at once they pray ;  
They hear of Heaven, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go :  
'Tis like a little Heaven below :  
Not all my pleasure and my play  
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord !  
The texts and doctrines of thy Word ;  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ and things divine  
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;  
That, hoping pardon through his blood,  
I may lie down and wake with God.

## THE TEN COMMANDMENTS,

OUT OF THE OLD TESTAMENT,

PUT INTO SHORT RHYME, FOR CHILDREN.

EXODUS, CHAP. XX.

1. THOU shalt have no more gods but Me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

---

THE

## SUM OF THE COMMANDMENTS,

OUT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

MATTHEW XXII. 37.

WITH all thy soul love God above,  
And as thyself thy neighbour love,

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## OUR SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE.

MATTHEW VII. 12.

BE you to others kind and true,  
As you'd have others be to you;  
And neither do nor say to men,  
Whate'er you would not take again.

**DUTY TO GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOUR.**

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,  
 With all your heart and mind :  
 And love your neighbour as yourself,  
 Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with another as you'd have  
 Another deal with you ;  
 What you're unwilling to receive,  
 Be sure you never do.

*Out of my Book of Hymns I have here added the Hosanna, and ' Glory to the Father,' &c. to be sung at the end of any of these Songs, according to the direction of parents or governors.*

**THE HOSANNA :**

OR, SALVATION ASCRIBED TO CHRIST.

*Long Metre.*

HOSANNA to king David's Son,  
 Who reigns on a superior throne :  
 We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,  
 Who brings salvation down on earth.

Let every nation, every age,  
 In this delightful work engage ;  
 Old men and babes in Sion sing  
 The growing glories of her King.

*Common Metre.*

HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace ;  
 Sion, behold thy King !  
 Proclaim the Son of David's race,  
 And teach the babes to sing.

Hosanna to the' eternal Word,  
 Who from the Father came ;  
 Ascribe salvation to the Lord,  
 With blessings on his name.

*Short Metre.*

HOSANNA to the Son  
 Of David and of God,  
 Who brought the news of pardon down,  
 And bought it with his blood.  
 To Christ, the' anointed King,  
 Be endless blessings given ;  
 Let the whole Earth his glory sing,  
 Who made our peace with Heaven.

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GLORY TO THE FATHER AND THE SON,  
 &c.

*Long Metre.*

To God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One ;  
 Be honour, praise, and glory given,  
 By all on Earth, and all in Heaven.

*Common Metre.*

Now let the Father, and the Son,  
 And Spirit, be adored,  
 Where there are works to make him known,  
 Or saints to love the Lord.

*Short Metre.*

Give to the Father praise,  
 Give glory to the Son ;  
 And to the Spirit of his grace ;  
 Be equal honour done.

## MORAL SONGS.

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### A slight Specimen;

SUCH AS I WISH SOME HAPPY AND CONDESCENDING GENIUS  
WOULD UNDERTAKE FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN, AND  
PERFORM MUCH BETTER.

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The sense and subjects might be borrowed plentifully from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of Nature, from all the occurrences of civil life, both in city and country (which would also afford matter for other divine songs). Here the language and measures should be easy, and flowing with cheerfulness, with or without the solemnities of religion, or the sacred names of God and holy things; that children might find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way to deliver them from those idle, wanton, or profane songs, which give so early an ill taint to the fancy and memory; and become the seeds of future vices.

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### THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I hear him complain, [again.]

'You have waked me too soon, I must slumber  
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed [head.  
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy

'A little more sleep and a little more slumber:'—  
Thus he wastes half his days and his hours without  
number;

And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,  
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.



I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,  
 The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;  
 The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;  
 And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find  
 He had took better care for improving his mind:  
 He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;  
 But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves  
 thinking.

Said I then to my heart, ' Here's a lesson for me:  
 That man's but a picture of what I might be;  
 But thanks to my friends for their care in my  
 breeding,  
 Who taught me betimes to love working and  
 reading.'

---

### INNOCENT PLAY.

ABROAD in the meadows, to see the young lambs  
 Run sporting about by the side of their dams,  
 With fleeces so clean and so white  
 Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,  
 When they play all in love, without anger or rage,  
 How much may we learn from the sight!

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud,  
 Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood;  
 So foul and so fierce are their natures:  
 But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,  
 Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as  
 lambs,  
 Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,  
Should injure another in jesting or play ;  
For he's still in earnest that's hurt ;  
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire !  
There's none but a madman will fling about fire,  
And tell you, 'Tis all but in sport.'

---

## THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose ! what a beautiful flower !  
The glory of April and May !  
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,  
And they wither and die in a day.  
Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,  
Above all the flowers of the field : [lost,  
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are  
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !  
So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,  
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose :  
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain ;  
Time kills them as fast as he goes.  
Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,  
Since both of them wither and fade :  
But gain a good name by well doing my duty ;  
This will scent, like a rose, when I'm dead.

---

## THE THIEF.

WHY should I deprive my neighbour  
Of his goods against his will ?  
Hands were made for honest labour,  
Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving  
 By such tricks to hope for gain :  
 All that's ever got by thieving  
 Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us  
 Their sad profit to compute ?  
 To what dismal state they brought us,  
 When they stole forbidden fruit !

Oft we see a young beginner  
 Practise little pilfering ways,  
 Till grown up a harden'd sinner,  
 Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,  
 Though we fancy none can spy :  
 When we take a thing forbidden,  
 God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of Heaven !  
 Lest I covet what's not mine ;  
 Lest I steal what is not given,  
 Guard my heart and hands from sin.

---

### THE ANT, OR EMMET.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes !  
 We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,  
 Without our regard or concern ;  
 Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,  
 There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,  
 Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,  
But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,

And for winter they lay up their stores :  
They manage their work in such regular forms,  
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and  
the storms,

And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,  
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,  
Nor provide against dangers in time.

When Death or Old Age shall stare in my face,  
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,  
If I trifle away all their prime !

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are  
in bloom, [shall come ;

Let me think what will serve me when sickness  
And pray that my sins be forgiven :

Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey ;  
That when Death turns me out of this cottage of clay,  
I may dwell in a palace in Heaven.

### GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

THOUGH I am now in younger days,  
Nor can tell what shall befall me ;  
I'll prepare for every place,  
Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,  
Others shall partake my goodness ;  
I'll supply the poor with meat,  
Never showing scorn or rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,  
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;  
I deserve to feel the same,  
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,  
Why should I return them railing?  
Since I best revenge my wrongs,  
By my patience never failing.

When I hear them telling lies,  
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing;  
First I'll try to make them wise,  
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,  
I'll engage the rich to love me,  
While I'm modest, neat, and clean;  
And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,  
I shall meet, I hope, with pity;  
Since I love to help the weak,  
Though they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,  
Nor be easily offended;  
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,  
And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still  
O'er my humours and my passion,  
As to speak and do no ill,  
Though it should be all the fashion.

Wicked fashions lead to Hell;  
Ne'er may I be found complying;  
But in life behave so well,  
Not to be afraid of dying.

## A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the Sun,  
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run,  
 Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,

And there follow'd some droppings of rain!  
 But now the fair traveller's come to the west,  
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;  
 He paints the sky gay, as he sinks to his rest,  
 And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian; his course he begins,  
 Like the Sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,  
 And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,

And travels his heavenly way:  
 But when he comes nearer to finish his race,  
 Like a fine setting Sun he looks richer in grace,  
 And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,  
 Of rising in brighter array.

---

*Some copies of the following Hymn having got abroad already  
 into several hands, the author has been persuaded to permit  
 it to appear in public, at the end of these Songs for Children.*

## A CRADLE HYMN.

HUSH! my dear, lie still, and slumber;  
 Holy angels guard thy bed!  
 Heavenly blessings without number  
 Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe ; thy food and raiment,  
 House and home thy friends provide ;  
 All without thy care or payment ;  
 All thy wants are well supplied.

much better thou'rt attended  
 the Son of God could be,  
 Heaven he descended,  
 child like thee !

He :

our lay ;

?—

ord ?

side thee,  
 sound too hard,

ats beside thee,

be thy guard.

ameful story,  
 abused their King,  
 d the Lord of Glory,  
 ngry while I sing.

ase the words, Brother, Sister, Neighbour,



WATTS.  
Husband dear, lie still & slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed!

Engr. by A. S. Richard, R.S.

Printed by P. Colver, 1847.

WATTS' PATENT  
MACHINE





See the kinder shepherds round him,  
Telling wonders from the sky !  
Where they sought him, there they found him,  
With his virgin-mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing ;  
Lovely Infant, how he smiled !  
When he wept, the mother's blessing  
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,  
Where the horned oxen fed ;  
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,  
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,  
Save my dear from burning flame,  
Bitter groans, and endless crying,  
That thy bless'd Redeemer came.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,  
Trust and love him all thy days ;  
Then go dwell for ever near him,  
See his face, and sing his praise !

I could give thee thousand kisses,  
Hoping what I most desire ;  
Not a mother's fondest wishes  
Can to greater joys aspire.

## MISCELLANIES.

---

### ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

MY God, I love and I adore!  
But souls that love would know thee more,  
Wilt thou for ever hide, and stand  
Behind the labours of thy hand?  
Thy hand, unseen, sustains the poles  
On which this huge creation rolls:  
The starry arch proclaims thy power,  
Thy pencil glows in every flower:  
In thousand shapes and colours rise  
Thy painted wonders to our eyes;  
While beasts and birds with labouring throats  
Teach us a God in thousand notes.  
The meanest pin in Nature's frame  
Marks out some letter of thy name.  
Where sense can reach or fancy rove,  
From hill to hill, from field to grove,  
Across the waves, around the sky,  
There's not a spot, or deep or high,  
Where the Creator has not trod,  
And left the footstep of a God.  
But are his footsteps all that we,  
Poor groveling worms, must know or see?

Thou Maker of my vital frame !  
 Unveil thy face, pronounce thy name,  
 Shine to my sight, and let the ear  
 Which thou hast form'd, the language hear.  
 Where is thy residence? Oh! why  
 Dost thou avoid my searching eye,  
 My longing sense? Thou Great Unknown,  
 Say, do the clouds conceal thy throne?  
 Divide, ye clouds, and let me see  
 The Power that gives me leave to be.

Or, art thou all diffused abroad  
 Through boundless space, a present God,  
 Unseen, unheard, yet ever near!  
 What shall I do to find thee here?  
 Is there not some mysterious art  
 To feel thy presence at my heart?  
 To hear thy whispers soft and kind,  
 In holy silence of the mind?  
 Then rest my thoughts; nor longer roam  
 In quest of joy, for Heaven's at home.

But, oh! thy beams of warmest love;  
 Sure they were made for worlds above.  
 How shall my soul her powers extend,  
 Beyond where Time and Nature end,  
 To reach those heights, thy best abode,  
 And meet thy kindest smiles, my God?  
 What shall I do? I wait thy call;  
 Pronounce the word, my life, my all.  
 Oh, for a wing to bear me far  
 Beyond the golden morning-star!  
 Fain would I trace the' immortal way,  
 That leads to courts of endless day,  
 Where the Creator stands confess'd,  
 In his own fairest glories dress'd.

Some shining spirit help me rise,  
 Come, waft a stranger through the skies ;  
 Bless'd Jesus, meet me on the road,  
 First offspring of the' Eternal God !  
 Thy hand shall lead a younger son,  
 Clothe me with vestures yet unknown,  
 And place me near my Father's throne.

---

#### IMITATION OF AN ODE OF CASIMIR.

'Twas an unclouded sky : the day-star sat  
 On highest noon : no breezes fann'd the grove ;  
 Nor the musicians of the air pursued  
 Their artless warblings ; while the sultry day  
 Lay all diffused and slumbering on the bosom  
 Of the white lily, the perfumed jonquil,  
 And lovely blushing rose. Then first my harp,  
 Labouring with childish innocence and joy,  
 Brake silence, and awoke the smiling hour  
 With infant notes, saluting the fair skies,  
 (Heaven's highest work) the fair enamel'd meads,  
 And tall green shades along the winding banks,  
 Of Avon gently flowing. Thence my days  
 Commenced harmonious ; there began my skill  
 To vanquish care by the sweet-sounding string.  
 Hail, happy hour, O bless'd remembrance, hail!  
 And banish woes for ever. Harps were made  
 For Heaven's beatitudes : there Jesse's son  
 Tunes his bold lyre with majesty of sound,  
 To the creating and all-ruling Power  
 Not unattentive : while ten thousand tongues  
 Of hymning seraphs and disembodied saints,  
 Echo the joys and graces round the hills

Of Paradise, and spread Messiah's name.  
 Transporting bliss! make haste, ye rolling Spheres,  
 Ye circling Suns, ye winged Minutes, haste,  
 Fulfil my destined period here; and raise  
 The meanest son of harmony to join  
 In that celestial concert.

---

 THE HEBREW POET.

*This Ode represents the Difficulty of a just Translation of the Psalms of David, in all their Hebrew Glory; with an Apology for the Imitation of them in Christian Language.—The first Hint borrowed from Casimir, Jessæa quisquis, &c. Book iv. Ode 7.*

SHOW me the man that dares and sings  
 Great David's verse to British strings:  
 Sublime attempt! but bold and vain  
 As building Babel's tower again.

The Bard<sup>1</sup> that climb'd to Cooper's Hill,  
 Reaching at Zion, shamed his skill,  
 And bids the sons of Albion own,  
 That Judah's Psalmist reigns alone.

Bless'd Poet! now, like gentle Thames,  
 He soothes our ears with silver streams:  
 Like his own Jordan, now he rolls,  
 And sweeps away our captive souls.

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Denham, who gained great reputation by his poem called Cooper's Hill, failed in his translation of the Psalms of David.

Softly the tuneful shepherd leads  
The Hebrew flocks to flowery meads :  
He marks their path with notes divine,  
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

Rivers of peace attend his song,  
And draw their milky train along :  
He jars ; and, lo ! the flints are broke,  
But honey issues from the rock.

When, kindling with victorious fire,  
He shakes his lance across the lyre,  
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,  
And sets the Thunderer in arms.

Behold the God ! the' almighty King  
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing :  
His ensigns lighten round the sky,  
And moving legions sound on high.

Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,  
Chariots of fire and flaming horse :  
Earth trembles ; and her mountains flow,  
At his approach, like melting snow.

But who these frowns of wrath can draw,  
That strike Heaven, Earth, and Hell, with awe ?  
Red lightning from his eyelids broke ;  
His voice was thunder, hail, and smoke.

He spake ; the cleaving waters fled,  
And stars beheld the ocean's bed :  
While the great master strikes his lyre,  
You see the frightened floods retire :

In heaps the fringed billows stand,  
Waiting the changes of his hand :  
He leads his Israel through the sea,  
And watery mountains guard their way.

Turning his hand with sovereign sweep,  
He drowns all Egypt in the deep :  
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,  
Through deserts to the Promised Land,

Here camps with wide embattled force ;  
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course :  
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls,  
The harp lies strow'd with ruin'd walls.

See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,  
And mows down nations with their kings ;  
From every chord his bolts are hurl'd,  
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

Lo ! the great Poet shifts the scene ;  
And shows the face of God serene :  
Truth, Meekness, Peace, Salvation, ride,  
With guards of justice, at his side.

No meaner Muse could weave the light,  
To form his robes divinely bright ;  
Or frame a crown of stars to shine  
With beams for Majesty divine.

Now in prophetic light he sees  
Ages to come, and dark decrees :  
He brings the Prince of Glory down,  
Stripp'd of his robe and starry crown.



See Jews and Heathens fired with rage ;  
 See, their combining powers engage  
 Against the' Anointed of the Lord,  
 The Man whom angels late adored ;

God's only Son : Behold, he dies !  
 Surprising grief ! The groans arise !  
 The lyre complains on every string,  
 And mourns the murder of her King.

But Heaven's Anointed must not dwell  
 In death : the vanquish'd powers of Hell  
 Yield to the harp's diviner lay ;  
 The grave resigns the' illustrious prey.

MESSIAH lives ! MESSIAH reigns !  
 The song surmounts the airy plains,  
 To' attend her Lord with joys unknown,  
 And bear the Victor to his throne,

Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,  
 Behold the Lord of Glory nigh :  
 Eternal doors, your leaves display,  
 To make the Lord of Glory way.

What mortal bard has skill or force  
 To paint these scenes, to tread this course,  
 Or furnish through the' etherial road  
 A triumph for a rising God ?

Astonish'd at so vast a flight  
 Through flaming worlds and floods of light,  
 My Muse her awful distance keeps,  
 Still following, but with trembling steps

She bids her humble verse explain  
The Hebrew harp's sublimer strain ;  
Points to her Saviour still, and shows  
What course the Sun of Glory goes.

Here he ascends behind a cloud  
Of incense<sup>1</sup>, there he sets in blood<sup>2</sup> ;  
She reads his labours and his names  
In spicy smoke, and bleeding lambs.

Rich are the graces which she draws  
From types, and shades, and Jewish laws ;  
With thousand glories long foretold  
To turn the future age to gold.

Grace is her theme, and joy, and love :  
Descend, ye blessings, from above,  
And crown my song. Eternal God,  
Forgive the Muse that dreads thy rod.

Silent, she hears thy vengeance roll,  
That crushes mortals to the soul,  
Nor dares assume the bolt, nor sheds  
The' immortal curses on their heads.

Yet since her God is still the same,  
And David's Son is all her theme,  
She begs some humble place to sing  
In concert with Judea's king.

<sup>1</sup> Christ's Intercession.

<sup>2</sup> His Sacrifice.

**DIVINE GOODNESS IN THE CREATION.**

**WHEN** God the new-made world survey'd,  
 His word pronounced the building good ;  
 Sunbeams and light the Heavens array'd,  
 And the whole Earth was crown'd with food.

Colours, that charm and ease the eye,  
 His pencil spread all Nature round ;  
 With pleasing blue he arch'd the sky,  
 And a green carpet dress'd the ground.

Let envious atheists ne'er complain,  
 That Nature wants or skill or care :  
 But turn their eyes all round in vain,  
 To' avoid their Maker's goodness there.

---

THE

**SACRED CONCERT OF PRAISE.**

**COME**, pretty birds, fly to this verdant shade,  
 Here let our different notes in praise conspire :  
 'Twas the same hand your painted pinions spread,  
 That form'd my nobler powers to raise his honours  
 higher.

Fair songsters, come ; beneath the sacred grove  
 We'll sit, and teach the woods our Maker's name :  
 Men have forgot his works, his power, his love,  
 Forgot the mighty arm that rear'd their wondrous  
 frame.

THE WORLD A STRANGER TO GOD. 153

I search the crowded court, the busy street,  
Run through the villages, trace every road:  
In vain I search; for every heart I meet  
Is laden with the world, and empty of its God.

How shall I bear with men to spend my days?  
Deaf feather'd innocents, you please me best:  
My God has fram'd your voices for his praise,  
His high designs are answer'd by your tuneful  
breast.

Sweet warblers, come; wake all your cheerful  
tongues,

We join with angels and their heavenly choirs:  
Our humble airs may imitate their songs, [fires.  
Though bolder are their notes, and purer are their

Had I ten thousand hearts, my God, my Love;  
Had I ten thousand voices, all are thine:  
Where love inflames the soul, the lips must move,  
Nor shall the song be mortal where the theme's  
divine.

---

THE

WORLD A STRANGER TO GOD.

INFINITE Beauty, everlasting Love, [thee  
How are our hearts, our thoughts, estrang'd from  
The' eternal God surrounds us; yet we rove  
In chase of airy toys, and follow as they flee.

Oh! could I cry, and make the nations hear,  
From north to south my voice should teach thy  
name:

I'd tell them that they buy their joys too dear,  
And pay immortal souls for glittering dust or fame.

Almighty Power, break off these chains of sense,  
 Melt them away with Love's celestial fire,  
 Create the world anew; let man commence  
 A seraph here on earth, let man to Heaven aspire.

---

### THE MIDNIGHT ELEVATION.

Now reigns the Night in her sublimest noon :  
 Nature lies hush'd; the stars their watches keep;  
 I wait thy influence, gentle sleep ;  
 Come, shed thy choicest poppies down  
 On every sense, sweet slumbers seal my eyes,  
 Tir'd with these scenes of day, with painted vanities.

In vain I wish, in vain I try  
 To close my eyes, and learn to die ;  
 Sweet slumbers from my restless pillow fly :  
 Then be my thoughts serene as day,  
 Be sprightly as the light,  
 Swift as the Sun's far shooting ray,  
 And take a vigorous flight :  
 Swift fly, my soul, transcend these dusky skies,  
 And trace the vital world that lies [the night.  
 Beyond those glimmering fires that gild and cheer

There Jesus reigns, adored name!  
 The second on the throne supreme :  
 In whose mysterious form combine  
 Created glories and divine :  
 The joy and wonder of the realms above :  
 At his command all their wing'd squadrons move,  
 Burn with his fire, and triumph in his love.

There souls released from earth's dark bondage live,  
My Reynolds there, with Howe and Boyle are  
found;

Not Time nor Nature could their genius bound,  
And now they soar, and now they dive  
In that unlimitable deep where thought itself is  
drown'd.

They aid the seraphs while they sing,  
God is their unexhausted theme ;  
Light, life, and joy, from that immortal spring  
O'erflow the blessed millions with an endless  
stream.

Amazing state! Divine abode! [in God.  
Where spirits find their Heaven while they are lost

Hail, holy souls, no more confined  
To limbs and bones that clog the mind,  
Ye have escaped the snares, and left the chains  
We wretched prisoners here below, [behind.  
What do we see, or learn, or know,  
But scenes of various folly, guilt, and woe?  
Life's buzzing sounds and flattering colours play  
Round our fond sense, and waste the day,  
Enchant the fancy, vex the labouring soul ;  
Each rising Sun, each lightsome hour,  
Beholds the busy slavery we endure ;  
Nor is our freedom full, or contemplation pure,  
When night and sacred silence overspread the pole.

Reynolds, thou late ascended mind,  
Employ'd in various thoughts and tuneful song,  
What happy moment shall my soul unbind,  
And bid me join the' harmonious throng?  
Oh, for a wing to rise to thee!  
When shall my eyes these heavenly wonders see?

When shall I taste those comforts with an ear refined ?

Roll on apace, ye spheres sublime,  
 Swift drive the chariot round, illustrious Moon ;  
 Haste, all ye twinkling measurers of time,  
 Ye can't fulfil your course too soon.  
 Kindle my languid powers, celestial Love !  
 Point all my passions to the courts above,  
 Then send the convoy down to guard my last  
 remove.

Thrice happy world, where gilded toys [joys!  
 No more disturb our thoughts, no more pollute our  
 There light and shade succeed no more by turns,  
 There reigns the' eternal Sun with an unclouded ray,  
 There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,  
 And truth for ever shines, and love for ever burns.

---

### HORACE PARAPHRASED.

*Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati.*

————— *Alcinoique juvenus*  
*Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, &c.*

THERE are a number of us creep  
 Into this world, to eat and sleep ;  
 And know no reason why they're born,  
 But merely to consume the corn,  
 Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,  
 And leave behind an empty dish :  
 The crows and ravens do the same,  
 Unlucky birds of hateful name ;  
 Ravens or crows might fill their place,  
 And swallow corn and carcasses,

Then, if their tombstone, when they die,  
 Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,  
 There's nothing better will be said,  
 Than that, 'They've eat up all their bread,  
 Drank up their drink, and gone to bed.'

There are other fragments of that Heathen poet, which occur on such occasions; one in the first of his Satires, the other in the last of his Epistles; which seem to represent life only as a season of luxury.

—Exacto contentus tempore vitæ  
 Cedat uti conviva satur.—  
 Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti;  
 Tempus abire tibi.

*Which may be thus put into English;*

Life's but a feast; and when we die,  
 Horace would say, if he were by,  
 Friend, thou hast eat and drank enough,  
 'Tis time now to be marching off:  
 Then like a well-fed guest depart,  
 With cheerful looks, and ease at heart;  
 Bid all your friends good-night and say,  
 'You've done the business of the day.'

REFLECTION.

Deluded souls! that sacrifice  
 Eternal hopes above the skies,  
 And pour their lives out all in waste,  
 To the vile idol of their taste!  
 The highest Heaven of their pursuit -  
 Is to live equal with the brute:  
 Happy if they could die as well;  
 Without a judge, without a Hell.



**BABYLON DESTROYED;****OR, THE 137TH PSALM TRANSLATED.**

**WHEN** by the flowing brooks we sat,  
The brooks of Babylon the proud ;  
We thought on Zion's mournful state,  
And wept her woes, and wail'd aloud.

Thoughtless of every cheerful air,  
(For grief had all our harps unstrung)  
Our harps, neglected in despair,  
And silent on the willows hung.

Our foes, who made our land their spoil,  
Our barbarous lords, with haughty tongues  
Bid us forget our groans a while,  
And give a taste of Zion's songs.

How shall we sing, in heathen lands,  
Our holy songs to ears profane ?  
Lord, shall our lips, at their commands,  
Pronounce thy dreadful name in vain ?

Forbid it, Heaven! O vile abuse !  
Zion in dust forbids it too :  
Shall hymns inspir'd for sacred use  
Be sung to please a scoffing crew ?

O let my tongue grow dry, and cleave  
Fast to my mouth in silence still ;  
Let some avenging power bereave  
My fingers of their tuneful skill :

If I thy sacred rites profane,  
 O Salem, or thy dust despise;  
 If I indulge one cheerful strain,  
 Till I shall see thy towers arise.

'Twas Edom bid the conquering foe,  
 ' Down with the towers and raze thy walls :'  
 Requite her, Lord: but, Babel, know,  
 Thy guilt for fiercer vengeance calls.

As thou hast spared nor sex nor age,  
 Deaf to our infants' dying groans,  
 May some bless'd hand, inspired with rage,  
 Dash thy young babes, and tinge the stones.

---

## AN EPITAPH ON BIGOTRY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

WHICH WAS WRITTEN BY THE LATE PIOUS AND INGENIOUS  
 MR. JOHN REYNOLDS, AND INSERTED IN THE OCCASIONAL  
 PAPER, VOL. III. NUMB. VI.

HERE lies (and may it here for ever lie)  
 The carcass of dead Piety,  
 Shadow of grace, substantial sin,  
 Religion's mask and gaudy dress,  
 The form and foe of holiness,  
 The image and the plague of zeal divine,  
 Its dwelling was the church; in double shape,  
 Half was a murdering wolf, and half a mimic ape.

A monster horrid to the sight,  
 Hideous, deform'd, and void of light ;  
 'Twas born at Rome,  
 'Twas nursed at home,  
 In the dark cloisters of the Vatican ;  
 Its lungs inspired with heaving lies,  
 Its bulk well fatten'd to prodigious size  
 With gunpowder and blood of man.

Ancient inhabitant of Spain,  
 And long in France a welcome guest ;  
 Over the continent and main,  
 Over the old world and the new,  
 Mankind and money to pursue,  
 On dragons' wings the harpy flew,  
 And gave its feet no rest.

All languages the fury spake,  
 And did of either sex partake :  
 Flaming enlightener of the mind,  
 And headlong leader of the blind,  
 Oft has it dragg'd the doubtful tongue to speak,  
 While the pain'd conscience left the truth behind :  
 By gibbet, sword, and fire,  
 It made whole tribes of men expire ;  
 And to the skies their groaning ghosts it hurl'd,  
 A swift converter of the world.  
 Dexterous in all the arts of blood ;  
 Skill'd to contrive or counterfeit  
 Mysterious mischief, plots of state,  
 Those murderous engines to destroy the good.

[*The Muse here tiring, begs the reader's leave to release herself from the bonds and labours of rhyme and metre, by a mere imitation of the next thirty lines in prose.*]

Under the name and habit of the Church,  
Under the countenance and clothing of a sheep,  
It became the most savage and rampant  
Plunderer and waster of human society :  
Made fearful inroads on all civil commerce,  
And left religious liberty expiring.

A warrior well furnish'd  
With all arts, politic and polite,  
With the knotty embarrassments of criticism,  
The hampering chains and subtilities of logic,  
And the javelins of pen and tongue,  
With the roaring ordinance of councils and canons,  
And all the artillery of the schools and gown.

Fury, hatred, and mischief,  
Love of this world, pride, and disdain,  
With perjuries, falsehoods, and pious frauds,  
And raging party zeal,  
Were its necessary and everlasting attendants.  
High encomiums and endless applause  
Of guides infallible, and faith implicit,  
Of hereditary and divine right,  
Of unlimited power, and passive obedience  
To tyrants, priests, and kings,  
With the immortal praise and merit  
Of stupid ignorance, and blind submission,  
Were heralds to prepare its way.

Trifles, and tricks, and solemn fooleries,  
 Legends and silly tales,  
 Old almanacks, and mouldy musty relics,  
 Sweepings of ancient tombs,  
 Vows, pilgrimages, charms, and consecrations,  
 Rites obsolete, and novel ceremonies  
 Both decent and indecent,  
 Monkish vows, and superstitious austerities,  
 With words of sacerdotal absolution,  
 And sacerdotal vengeance,  
 Squibs, crackers, excommunications, curses,  
 Roaring bulls, and vain thunders,  
 Mix'd up with priestly cholera, bitter and black,  
 Were its delicious food.

[*Now Metre and Rhyme proceed.*]

A purple prelate, chosen to preside  
 Over the whole Ignatian drove,  
 And all the clergy-tribes beside,  
 All but the sacred few that mix their zeal with love.  
 In every different sect 'twas known,  
 It made the cassock and the cowl its own, [gown.  
 Now stalk'd in formal cloak, now flutter'd in the

At what dark hour soe'er  
 The cursed divan at Rome were met,  
 Catholic faith to propagate,  
 This monster fill'd the chair.  
 The conclave, dress'd in bonnets red,  
 With three-crown'd tyrant at their head,  
 Made it their privy-counsellor.  
 The inquisition-court (a bloody crew,  
 Artful to set the solemn trap  
 That lets no heretic escape)  
 Owns it her president and founder too.

Of as the Church in east or western lands  
Rising against herself in arms,  
In her own blood imbrued her hands;  
This chief led on the' unnatural war,  
Or did the bloody standards bear,  
Or sound the fierce alarms ;  
Victorious still. (And what can more be said  
Of all the living warriors, or the heroes dead?)

Britain, a land well stored with every good,  
That Nature, Law, Religion gives ;  
A land where sacred Freedom thrives ;!  
Bless'd isle ? if her own weal she understood !  
Her sons, immured with guardian ocean, sleep,  
And castles floating on the deep,  
Fenced from all foreign foes, O shame ! O sin !  
Her sons had let this baleful mischief in  
This hellish fury, who with flattering breath  
Did first divide, and then devour,  
And made wild waste where'er she spread her  
power,  
Behold she meets her fatal hour,  
And lies enchain'd in death.

Shout at the grave, O traveller !  
Triumphant joys that reach the skies  
Are here the justest obsequies :  
Shout thrice ; then flee afar  
These poisonous steams and stench of the sepulchre ;  
Go, turn thy face to Heaven, and pray,  
That such a hateful monster never may  
Obtain a resurrection-day.

## AN HYMN

TO CHRIST JESUS, THE ETERNAL LIFE.

WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find  
The sovereign Good to fill the mind ?  
Ye sons of moral wisdom, show  
The spring whence living waters flow.

Say, will the stoic's flinty heart  
Melt, and this cordial juice impart ?  
Could Plato find these blissful streams,  
Amongst his raptures and his dreams ?

In vain I ask ; for Nature's power  
Extends but to this mortal hour :  
'Twas but a poor relief she gave  
Against the terrors of the grave.

Jesus, our kinsman, and our God,  
Array'd in majesty and blood,  
Thou art our life ; our souls in thee  
Possess a full felicity.

All our immortal hopes are laid  
In Thee, our surety and our head ;  
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,  
Are big with glories yet unknown.

Let Atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme  
The' eternal Life and Jesus' name ;  
A word of his almighty breath  
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

But let my soul for ever lie  
 Beneath the blessings of thine eye;  
 'Tis Heaven on earth, 'tis Heaven above,  
 To see thy face, to taste thy love.

---

**David's Lamentation ober Saul and Jonathan,**

PARAPHRASED.

UNHAPPY day! distressing sight!  
 Israel, the land of Heaven's delight,  
 How is thy strength, thy beauty fled!  
 On the high places of the fight  
 Behold thy princes fall'n, thy sons of victory dead.

Ne'er be it told in Gath, nor known  
 Among the streets of Askelon:  
 How will Philistia's youth rejoice  
 And triumph in our shame;  
 And girls, with weak unhallow'd voice,  
 Chant the dishonours of the Hebrew name!

Mountains of Gilboa, let no dew  
 Nor fruitful showers descend on you:  
 Curse on your fields through all the year,  
 No flowery blessings there appear,  
 Nor golden ranks of harvest stand  
 To grace the altar, or to feed the land.  
 'Twas in those inauspicious fields  
 Judean heroes lost their shields: [day!]  
 'Twas there (ah! base reproach and scandal of the  
 Thy shield, O Saul, was cast away,  
 As though the prophet's horn had never shed  
 Its sacred odours on thy head.



The sword of Saul had ne'er, till now,  
 Awoke to war in vain,  
 Nor Jonathan withdrawn his bow,  
 Without an army slain.  
 Where truth and honour mark'd their way,  
 Not eagles swifter to their prey,  
 Nor lions strong or bold as they.

Graceful in arms and great in war  
 Were Jonathan and Saul ;  
 Pleasant in life, and manly fair ;  
 Nor death divides the royal pair,  
 And thousands share their fall.  
 Daughters of Israel, melt your eyes  
 To softer tears, and swell your sighs,  
 Disrobed, disgraced, your monarch lies,  
 On the bleak mountains, pale and cold !  
 He made rich scarlet your array ;  
 Bright were your looks, your bosoms gay  
 With gems of regal gift, and interwoven gold.

How are the princes sunk in death !  
 Fall'n on the shameful ground !  
 There my own Jonathan resign'd his breath :  
 On the high places where he stood,  
 He lost his honours and his blood ;  
 Oh, execrable arm that gave the mortal wound !

My Jonathan, my better part,  
 My brother, and (that dearer name) my friend,  
 I feel the mortal wound that reach'd thy heart ;  
 And here my comforts end.  
 How pleasant was thy love to me !  
 Amazing passion, strong and free !

ON THE SIGHT OF QUEEN MARY. 167

No dangers could thy steady soul remove :  
Not the soft virgin loves to that degree,  
Nor man to that degree does the soft virgin love.  
To name my joys, awakes my pain  
The dying friend runs cold through every vein.  
My Jonathan, my dying friend, [end?  
How thick my woes arise! where will my sorrows

Unhappy day! distressing sight!  
Israel, the land of Heaven's delight,  
How are thy princes fall'n, thy sons of victory slain!  
The broken bow, the shiver'd spear,  
With all the sullied pomp of war,  
In rude confusion spread,  
Promiscuous lie among the dead,  
A lamentable rout o'er all the' inglorious plain.



ON THE  
SIGHT OF QUEEN MARY,  
IN THE YEAR 1694.

I SAW the' illustrious form, I saw  
Beauty that gave the nations law:  
Her eyes, like mercy on a throne,  
In condescending grandeur shone.

That blooming face! how lovely fair  
Hath Nature mix'd her wonders there!  
The rosy morn such lustre shows,  
Glancing along the Scythian snows.

Her shape, her motion, and her mien,  
 All heavenly; such are angels seen,  
 When the bright vision grows intense,  
 And fancy aids our feebler sense.

Earth's proudest idols dare not vie  
 With such superior majesty :  
 A kindling vapour might as soon  
 Rise from the bogs, and mate the Moon.

I'll call no Raphael from his rest;  
 Such charms can never be express'd :  
 Pencil and paint were never made  
 To draw pure light without a shade.

Britain beholds her queen with pride,  
 And mighty William at her side  
 Gracing the throne, while at her feet  
 With humble joy three nations meet.

Secure of empire, she might lay  
 Her crown, her robes, and state away,  
 And midst ten thousand nymphs be seen :  
 Her beauty would proclaim the queen.

## EPANORTHOSIS.

Her guardian angel heard my song:  
 ' Fond man, (he cried) forbear to wrong  
 My lovely charge. So vulgar eyes  
 Gaze at the stars, and praise the skies.'

Rudely they praise who dwell below,  
 And Heaven's true glories never know,  
 Where stars and planets are no more  
 Than pebbles scatter'd on the floor.

So, where celestial virtues join'd  
 Form an incomparable mind,  
 Crowns, sceptres, beauties, charms, and air,  
 Stand but as shining servants there.

---

ON

### THE EFFIGIES

OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE LATE PRINCE OF DEN-  
 MARK, AND LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF GREAT BRITAIN;

*Made in Wax, and seated at a Banquet, near the Effigies of  
 her Majesty Queen Anne. All happily performed in a very  
 near Imitation of the Life, by Chrysis. 1705.*

So look'd the hero, coming from the board  
 Of naval counsels, and put off his sword,  
 So sat the prince, when with a smiling air  
 He relish'd life, and pleas'd his sovereign fair.  
 Surprising form! scarce with a softer mien  
 Did his first love address his future queen.  
 Publish the wonder, Fame<sup>1</sup>. But, O! forbear  
 To' approach the palace and the royal ear,  
 Lest her impatient love and wishing eye  
 Seek the dear image, gaze, and mourn, and die.  
 Or stay: the royal mourner will believe  
 Her George restored, and so forget to grieve.  
 What cannot Chrysis do? those artful hands  
 Shall raise the hero: Lo, in arms he stands:  
 Fairbourn and Leak<sup>2</sup> submissive shall espy  
 War on his brow, and orders in his eye,  
 Auspicious, just, and wise: the fleet obeys,  
 And the French pirates flee the British seas.

<sup>1</sup> This poem was written just after Prince George's death.

<sup>2</sup> Two British admirals.

### HINTS FOR WINDOW-POETS.

If they must write the names of their mistresses on the windows, and describe their beauties there, let them do it in such language as may not offend the tongue of modesty to repeat, nor raise a blush on the cheek of virtue.

If the Muse lavish her immortal wit  
 To paint a fading face,  
 And the firm diamond the frail honours write  
 Upon the brittle glass;  
 Let no foul word pollute that heavenly ray  
 Which makes the lines appear:  
 Lewdness would taint the sunbeams in their way;  
 Lewdness should ne'er be writ but when keen  
 lightnings play  
 To blast the writer's hand, and shake his soul  
 with fear.

If they would write the name of a friend or a stranger there, let it be a name of worth and honour; let it be some example of virtue, and attended with a due encomium.

#### ALBINUS.

Clear as the glass, his spotless fame,  
 And lasting diamond writes his name.

Or if a diamond must be used for a pen, and a pane of glass must be the tablet on which we write, I should rather choose that those pellucid mediums, which transmit the light of Heaven to

our eyes, should convey some beam of sacred knowledge, or some useful memento to the mind.

Words of eternal truth proclaim  
All mortal joys are vain :  
A diamond pen engraves the theme  
Upon a brittle plain.

---

## AGAINST LEWDNESS.

WHY should you let your wandering eyes  
Entice your soul to shameful sin ?  
Scandal and ruin are the prize  
You take such fatal pains to win.

This brutal vice makes Reason blind,  
And blots the name with hateful stains ;  
It wastes the flesh, pollutes the mind,  
And tears the heart with racking pains.

Let David speak with heavy groans,  
How it estranged his soul from God,  
Made him complain of broken bones,  
And fill'd his house with wars and blood.

Let Solomon and Samson tell  
Their melancholy stories here,  
How bright they shone, how low they fell,  
When Sin's vile pleasures cost them dear.

In vain you choose the darkest time,  
Nor let the Sun behold the sight :  
In vain you hope to hide your crime  
Behind the curtains of the night :

The wakeful stars and midnight Moon  
Watch your foul deeds and know your shame;  
And God's own eye, like beams of noon,  
Strikes through the shade, and marks your name.

What will you do when Heaven inquires  
Into these scenes of secret sin?  
And lust, with all its guilty fires,  
Shall make your conscience rage within?

How will you curse your wanton eyes,  
Curse the lewd partners of your shame,  
When Death, with horrible surprise,  
Shows you the pit of quenchless flame?

Flee, sinners, flee the' unlawful bed,  
Lest vengeance send you down to dwell  
In the dark regions of the dead,  
To feed the fiercest fires of Hell.

---

### AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.

Is it not strange that every creature  
Should know the measure of its thirst,  
(They drink but to support their nature,  
And give due moisture to their dust;)

While man, vile man, whose nobler kind  
Should scorn to act beneath the beast,  
Drowns all the glories of his mind,  
And kills his soul to please his taste!

O what a hateful, shameful sight,  
 Are drunkards reeling through the street!  
 Now they are fond, and now they fight,  
 And pour their shame on all they meet.

Is it so exquisite a pleasure  
 To troll down liquor through the throat,  
 And swill, and know no bounds or measure,  
 Till sense and reason are forgot?

Do they deserve the' immortal name  
 Of man, who sink so far below?  
 Will God, the maker of their frame,  
 Endure to see them spoil it so?

Can they e'er think of Heaven or grace,  
 Or hope for glory when they die?  
 Can such vile ghosts expect a place  
 Among the shining souls on high?

The meanest seat is too refined  
 To entertain a drunkard there.  
 Ye sinners of this loathsome kind,  
 Repent, or perish in despair.

---

### PASSION AND REASON.

LET Astrapé forbear to blaze,  
 As lightning does with dreadful rays,  
 Nor spoil the beauties of her face,  
 To arm her tongue with thunder:  
 That reason hardly looks divine,  
 Where so much fire and sound combine,  
 And make the way for wit to shine  
 By riving sense asunder.



Yet if I found her words grow warm,  
 I'd learn some lesson by the storm,  
 Or guard myself at least from harm  
 By yielding like Tranquillus.  
 Tempest will tear the stiffest oak,  
 Cedars with all their pride are broke  
 Beneath the fury of that stroke  
 That never hurts the willows.

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## THOUGHTS AND MEDITATIONS

IN A LONG SICKNESS, 1712 AND 1713.

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### *The Hurry of the Spirits, in a Fever, and Ner- vous Disorders.*

My frame of nature is a ruffled sea,  
 And my disease the tempest. Nature feels  
 A strange commotion in her utmost centre ;  
 The throne of Reason shakes: 'Be still, my  
 thoughts ;  
 Peace and be still.' In vain my reason gives  
 The peaceful word, my spirits strive in vain  
 To calm the tumult and command my thoughts.  
 This flesh, this circling blood, these brutal powers  
 Made to obey, turn rebels to the mind,  
 Nor hear its laws. The engine rules the man.  
 Unhappy change ! when Nature's meaner springs  
 Fired to impetuous ferments, break all order ;  
 When little restless atoms rise and reign  
 Tyrants in sovereign uproar, and impose  
 Ideas on the mind ; confused ideas  
 Of non-existents and impossibles,  
 Who can describe them ? Fragments of old dreams,

Borrow'd from midnight, torn from fairy fields  
 And fairy skies, and regions of the dead,  
 Abrupt, ill sorted. O 'tis all confusion !  
 If I but close my eyes, strange images  
 In thousand forms and thousand colours rise,  
 Stars, rainbows, moons, green dragons, bears, and  
 ghosts,

An endless medley rush upon the stage,  
 And dance and riot wild in Reason's court  
 Above control. I'm in a raging storm,  
 Where seas and skies are blended, while my soul,  
 Like some light worthless chip of floating cork,  
 Is toss'd from wave to wave: now overwhelm'd  
 With breaking floods, I drown, and seem to lose  
 All being: now high-mounted on a ridge  
 Of a tall foaming surge, I'm all at once  
 Caught up into the storm, and ride the wind,  
 The whistling wind; unmanageable steed,  
 And feeble rider! hurried many a league  
 Over the rising hills of roaring brine,  
 Through airy wilds unknown, with dreadful speed  
 And infinite surprise; till some few minutes  
 Have spent the blast, and then perhaps I drop  
 Near to the peaceful coast; some friendly billow  
 Lodges me on the beach, and I find rest:  
 Short rest I find; for the next rolling wave  
 Snatches me back again; then ebbing far  
 Sets me adrift, and I'm borne off to sea,  
 Helpless, amidst the bluster of the winds,  
 Beyond the ken of shore.—

Ah! when will these tumultuous scenes be gone?  
 When shall this weary spirit, toss'd with tempests,  
 Harass'd and broken, reach the port of rest,

And hold it firm? When shall this wayward flesh,  
 With all the' irregular springs of vital movement  
 Ungovernable, return to sacred order,  
 And pay their duties to the ruling mind?

**Peace of Conscience, and Prayer for Health.**

YET, gracious God, amidst these storms of nature,  
 Thine eyes behold a sweet and sacred calm  
 Reign through the realms of conscience: all within  
 Lies peaceful, all composed. 'Tis wondrous grace  
 Keeps off thy terrors from the humble bosom,  
 Though stain'd with sins and follies, yet serene  
 In penitential peace and cheerful hope,  
 Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood.  
 Thy vital smiles amidst this desolation,  
 Like heavenly sunbeams hid behind the clouds,  
 Break out in happy moments, with bright radiance  
 Cleaving the gloom; the fair celestial light  
 Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm,  
 And richest cordials to the heart conveys.

O glorious solace of immense distress,  
 A conscience and a God! a friend at home,  
 And better friend on high! This is my rock  
 Of firm support, my shield of sure defence  
 Against infernal arrows. Rise, my soul,  
 Put on thy courage: here's the living spring  
 Of joys divinely sweet and ever new,  
 A peaceful Conscience and a smiling Heaven.

My God! permit a creeping worm to say,  
 Thy Spirit knows I love thee. Worthless wretch,  
 To dare to love a God! But grace requires,  
 And grace accepts. Thou seest my labouring soul:

Weak as my zeal is, yet my zeal is true ;  
 It bears the trying furnace. Love Divine  
 Constrains me ; I am thine. Incarnate Love  
 Has seized and holds me in almighty arms :  
 Here's my salvation, my eternal hope,  
 Amidst the wreck of worlds and dying Nature,  
 I am the Lord's, and he for ever mine.

O thou all-powerful Word, at whose first call  
 Nature arose ; this Earth, these shining Heavens,  
 These Stars, in all their ranks, came forth, and said,  
 ' We are thy servants ! ' Didst thou not create  
 My frame, my breath, my being, and bestow  
 A mind immortal on thy feeble creature,  
 Who faints before thy face ? Did not thy pity  
 Dress thee in flesh to die, that I might live,  
 And with thy blood redeem this captive soul  
 From guilt and death ? O thrice adored name,  
 My King, my Saviour, my Immanuel ! say,  
 Have not thy eyelids mark'd my painful toil,  
 The wild confusion of my shatter'd powers,  
 And broken fluttering thoughts ? Hast thou not seen  
 Each restless atom that with vexing influence  
 Works through the mass of man ? Each noxious  
 juice,

Each ferment that infects the vital humours,  
 That heaves the veins with huge disquietude,  
 And spreads the tumult wide ? Do they not lie  
 Beneath thy view, and all within thy reach ?  
 Yes, all at thy command ; and must obey  
 Thy sovereign touch : thy touch is health and life,  
 And harmony to Nature's jarring strings.

When shall my midnight sighs and morning  
 groans

Rise through the heights of Heaven, and reach thy  
 Propitious? see, my spirit's feeble powers [ear  
 Exhaled and breathing upwards to thy throne,  
 Like early incense climbing through the sky  
 From the warm altar. When shall grace and peace  
 Descend with blessings, like an evening shower  
 On the parch'd desert, and renew my bloom?  
 Or must thy creature breathe his soul away  
 In fruitless groans, and die?—  
 Come, bless'd physician, come, attend the moan  
 Of a poor suffering wretch, a plaintive worm,  
 Crush'd in the dust, and helpless. O descend,  
 Array'd in power and love, and bid me rise.  
 Incarnate Goodness, send thy influence down  
 To these low regions of mortality,  
 Where thou hast dwelt, and clad in fleshly weeds  
 Learn'd sympathetic sorrows; send and heal  
 My long and sore distress. Ten thousand praises  
 Attend thee: David's harp is ready strung  
 For the Messiah's<sup>1</sup> name: A winged flight  
 Of songs harmonious, and new honours wait  
 The steps of moving mercy.

<sup>1</sup> At this time my imitation of David's Psalms, in Christian language, was not half done: as fast as I recovered strength, after this long illness, I applied myself, by degrees, to finish it.

Encouraged to hope for Health in May.

DECEMBER, 1712.

CONFINED to sit in silence, here I waste  
 The golden hours of youth. If once I stir,  
 And reach at active life, what sudden tremors  
 Shake my whole frame, and all the poor machine  
 Lies fluttering! What strange wild convulsive force  
 O'erpowers at once the members and the will!  
 Here am I bound in chains, a useless load  
 Of breathing clay, a burden to the seat  
 That bears these limbs, a borderer on the grave.  
 Poor state of worthless being! While the lamp  
 Of glimmering life burns languishing and dim,  
 The flame just hovering o'er the dying snuff  
 With doubtful alternations, half disjoin'd,  
 And ready to expire with every blast.

Yet my fond friends would speak a word of hope:  
 Love would forbid despair: 'Look out, (they cry)  
 Beyond these gloomy damps, while winter hangs  
 Heavy on Nature, and congeals her powers:  
 Look cheerful forward to the vital influence  
 Of the returning spring;' I rouse my thoughts  
 At friendship's sacred voice; I send my soul  
 To distant expectation, and support  
 The painful interval with poor amusements.

My watch, the solitary kind companion  
 Of my imprisonment, my faithful watch  
 Hangs by; and with a short repeated sound  
 Beats like the pulse of time, and numbers off  
 My woes, a long succession; while the finger,

Slow-moving, points out the slow-moving minutes;  
 The slower hand, the hours. O thou dear engine,  
 Thou little brass accomptant of my life,  
 Would but the mighty wheels of Heaven and  
 Nature

Once imitate thy movements, how my hand  
 Should drive thy dented pinions round their centres  
 With more than ten-fold flight, and whirl away  
 These clouded wintry suns, these tedious moons,  
 These midnights : every star should speed its race,  
 And the slow Bears precipitate their way  
 Around the frozen pole. Then promised health,  
 That rides with rosy cheek and blooming grace  
 On a May sunbeam, should attend me here,  
 Before to-morrow sheds its evening dew.

Ah! foolish ravings of a fruitless wish  
 And spirit too impatient! Know'st thou not,  
 My soul, the Power that made thee? He alone  
 Who form'd the spheres, rolls them in destined  
 rounds

Unchangeable. Adore, and trust, and fear him:  
 He is the Lord of life! Address his throne,  
 And wait before his foot, with awful hope  
 Submissive; at his touch distemper flies.  
 His eyelids send beams of immortal youth  
 Through Heaven's bright regions. His all-pow-  
 erful word

Can create health, and bid the blessing come  
 Amid the wintry frost, when Nature seems  
 Congeal'd in death; or with a sovereign frown  
 (Though Nature blooms all round) he can forbid  
 The blessing in the spring, and chain thee down  
 To pains and maladies, and grievous bondage  
 Through all the circling seasons.

**The wearisome Weeks of Sickness.**

1712, OR 1713.

THUS pass my days away. The cheerful Sun  
Rolls round and gilds the world with lightsome  
beams,

Alas! in vain to me; cut off alike  
From the bless'd labours, and the joys of life;  
While my sad minutes in their tiresome train  
Serve but to measure out my heavy sorrows.  
By night I count the clock; perhaps eleven,  
Or twelve, or one; then with a wishful sigh  
Call on the lingering hours, 'Come two, come five:  
When will the daylight come?' Make haste, ye  
mornings;

Ye evening shadows, haste; wear out these days,  
These tedious rounds of sickness, and conclude  
The weary week for ever——

Then the sweet day of sacred rest returns,  
Sweet day of rest! devout to God and Heaven,  
And heavenly business, purposes divine,  
Angelic work; but not to me returns  
Rest with the day: ten thousand hurrying thoughts  
Bear me away tumultuous, far from Heaven  
And heavenly work. In vain I heave, and toil,  
And wrestle with my inward foes in vain;  
O'erpower'd and vanquish'd still: they drag me  
down

From things celestial, and confine my sense



To present maladies. Unhappy state  
 Where the poor spirit is subdued to' endure  
 Unholy idleness, a painful absence  
 From God, and Heaven, and angels' blessed work:  
 And bound to bear the agonies and woes  
 That sickly flesh and shatter'd nerves impose.  
 How long, O Lord, how long?

## A

## HYMN OF PRAISE FOR RECOVERY.

HAPPY for man, that the slow-circling moons  
 And long revolving seasons measure out  
 The tiresome pains of Nature! Present woes  
 Have their sweet periods. Ease and cheerful health  
 With slow approach (so Providence ordains)  
 Revisit their forsaken mansions here,  
 And days of useful life diffuse their dawn  
 O'er the dark cottage of my weary soul.  
 My vital powers resume their vigour now,  
 My spirit feels her freedom, shakes her wings,  
 Exults and spatiates o'er a thousand scenes,  
 Surveys the world, and with full stretch of thought  
 Grasps her ideas; while impatient zeal  
 Awakes my tongue to praise. What mortal voice  
 Or mortal hand can render to my God  
 The tribute due? What altars shall I raise  
 What grand inscription to proclaim his mercy  
 In living lines? Where shall I find a victim  
 Meet to be offered to his sovereign love,  
 And solemnize the worship and the joy.

Search well, my soul, through all the dark recesses  
 Of Nature and Self-love, the plies, the folds,  
 And hollow-winding caverns of the heart,  
 Where Flattery hides her sins ; search out the foes  
 Of thy Almighty Friend ; what lawless passions,  
 What vain desires, what vicious turns of thought  
 Lurk there unheeded : bring them forth to view,  
 And sacrifice the rebels to his honour.  
 Well he deserves this worship at thy hands,  
 Who pardons thy past follies, who restores  
 Thy mouldering fabric, and withholds thy life  
 From the near borders of a gaping grave.

Almighty Power, I love thee, blissful name :  
 My healer God ! and may my inmost heart  
 Love and adore for ever ! O 'tis good  
 To wait submissive at thy holy throne,  
 To leave petitions at thy feet, and bear  
 Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul.  
 The hand of mercy is not short to save,  
 Nor is the ear of heavenly pity deaf  
 To mortal cries. It noticed all my groans,  
 And sighs, and long complaints, with wise delay,  
 Though painful to the sufferer, and thy hand  
 In proper moment brought desired relief.

Rise from my couch, ye late enfeebled limbs,  
 Proye your new strength, and show the' effective  
 Of the divine physician ; bear away [skill  
 This tottering body to his sacred threshold :  
 There laden with his honours, let me bow  
 Before his feet ; let me pronounce his grace,  
 Pronounce Salvation through his dying Son,  
 And teach this sinful world the Saviour's name.  
 Then rise, my hymning soul, on holy notes  
 Toward his high throne ; awake, my choicest songs,

Run echoing round the roof, and while you pay,  
 The solemn vows of my distressful hours,  
 A thousand friendly lips shall aid the praise.

Jesus, great advocate, whose pitying eye  
 Saw my long anguish, and with melting heart  
 And powerful intercession spreadst my woes  
 With all my groans before the Father-God,  
 Bear up my praises now; thy holy incense  
 Shall hallow all my sacrifice of joy,  
 And bring these accents grateful to his ear.  
 My heart and life, my lips and every power,  
 Snatch'd from the grasp of death, I here devote,  
 By thy bless'd hand, an offering to his name.

*Amen, Hallelujah,*



AN

ELEGY ON SOPHRONIA,

WHO DIED OF THE SMALL-POX, 1711.

*Sophron is introduced speaking.*

'FORBEAR, my friends, forbear, and ask no more,  
 Where all my cheerful airs are fled?  
 Why will ye make me talk my torments o'er?  
 My life, my joy, my comfort's dead!

' Deep from my soul, mark how the sobs arise,  
 Hear the long groans that waste my breath,  
 And read the mighty sorrow in my eyes,  
 ... Lovely Sophronia sleeps in death!

- ‘ Unkind disease, to veil that rosy face  
With tumours of a mortal pale,  
While mortal purples, with their dismal grace  
And double horror, spot the veil.
- ‘ Uncomely veil, and most unkind disease !  
Is this Sophronia, once the fair ?  
Are these the features that were born to please ?  
And beauty spread her ensigns there ?
- ‘ I was all love, and she was all delight,  
Let me run back to seasons past ;  
Ah ! flowery days, when first she charm’d my sight !  
But roses will not always last.
- ‘ Yet still Sophronia pleased. Nor time, nor care,  
Could take her youthful bloom away :  
Virtue has charms which nothing can impair ;  
Beauty like hers could ne’er decay.
- ‘ Grace is a sacred plant of heavenly birth :  
The seed descending from above  
Roots in a soil refined, grows high on earth,  
And blooms with life, and joy, and love.
- ‘ Such was Sophronia’s soul. Celestial dew  
And angels’ food were her repast :  
Devotion was her work ; and thence she drew  
Delights which strangers never taste.
- ‘ Not the gay splendours of a flattering court  
Could tempt her to appear and shine ;  
Her solemn airs forbid the world’s resort  
But I was bless’d, and she was mine.

‘ Safe on her welfare all my pleasures hung,  
 Her smiles could all my pains control ;  
 Her soul was made of softness, and her tongue  
 Was soft and gentle as her soul.

‘ She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all !  
 Love grew with every waning moon :  
 Had Heaven a length of years delay’d its call,  
 Still I had thought it call’d too soon.

‘ But peace, my sorrows, nor with murmuring voice  
 Dare to accuse Heaven’s high decree :  
 She was first ripe for everlasting joys ;  
 Sophron, she waits above for thee !’

---

## AN ELEGY

ON THE MUCH LAMENTED

### DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH BURY,

*Wife of the Reverend Mr. Samuel Bury, of Bristol, annexed  
 to some Memoirs of her Life, drawn up by him, but collected  
 out of her own Papers.*

SHE must ascend ; her treasure lies on high,  
 And there her heart is. Bear her through the sky  
 On wings of harmony, ye sons of light !  
 And with surrounding shields protect her flight.  
 Teach her the wondrous songs yourselves compose  
 For yon bright world ; she’ll learn them as she goes ;  
 The sense was known before : those sacred themes,  
 The God, the Saviour, and the flowing streams  
 That tinged the cursed tree with blood divine,  
 Purchased a Heaven, and wash’d a world from sin ;

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MRS. BURY. 187

The beams, the bliss, the vision of that face  
Where the whole Godhead shines in mildest grace;  
These are the notes for which your harps are strung,  
These were the joy and labour of her tongue  
In our dark regions. These exalted strains  
Brought Paradise to earth, and sooth'd her pains.  
'Souls made of pious harmony and love,  
Can be no strangers to their work above.'

But must we lose her hence? The Muse in pain  
Regrets her flight, and calls the saint again.  
Stay, gentle spirit, stay. Can Nature find  
No charms to hold the once unfetter'd mind?  
Must all those virtues, all those graces soar  
Far from our sight, and bless our earth no more?  
Must the fair saint to worlds immortal climb,  
For ever lost to all the sons of time?  
O, no; she is not lost. Behold her here,  
How just the form! how soft the lines appear!  
The features of her soul, without disguise,  
Drawn by her own bless'd pen: a sweet surprise  
To mourning friends. The partner of her cares  
Seized the fair piece, and wash'd it o'er with tears;  
Dress'd it in flowers, then hung it on her urn,  
A pattern for her sex in ages yet unborn. [lines;

Daughters of Eve, come, trace these heavenly  
Feel with what power the bright example shines;  
She was what you should be. Young virgins, come,  
Drop a kind tear, and dress you at her tomb:  
Gay silks and diamonds are a vulgar road;  
Her radiant virtues should create the mode.  
Matrons, attend her hearse with thoughts refined,  
Gaze and transcribe the beauties of her mind,  
And let her live in you. The meek, the great,  
The chaste, yet free; the cheerful, yet sedate;

Swift to forgiveness, but to anger slow,  
 And rich in solid learning more than show ;  
 With charity and zeal, that rarely join,  
 And all the human graces and divine  
 Reign'd in her breast, and held a pleasing strife  
 Through every shifting scene of various life,  
 The maid, the bride, the widow, and the wife.

Nor need a manly spirit blush to gain  
 Exalted thoughts from her superior vein.  
 Attend her hints, ye sages of the schools,  
 And by her nobler practice frame your rules.  
 Let her inform you to address the ear  
 With conquering suasion, or reproof severe,  
 And still without offence. . Thrice happy soul !  
 That could our passions and her own control ;  
 Could wield and govern that unruly train, [Pain,  
 Sense, Fancy, Pleasure, Fear, Grief, Hope, and  
 And live sublimely good ! Behold her move  
 Through earth's rude scenes, yet point her thoughts  
 above.

Seraphs on earth pant for their native skies,  
 And Nature feels it painful not to rise.

Ye venerable tribes of holy men,  
 Read the devotions of her heart and pen,  
 And learn to pray and die. Burissa knew  
 To make life happy, and resign it too.  
 The soul that oft had walk'd the' ethereal road,  
 Pleas'd with her summons, took her farewell flight  
 to God.

But ne'er shall words, or lines, or colours paint  
 The' immortal passions of the' expiring saint.  
 What beams of joy (angelic airs) arise  
 O'er her pale cheeks, and sparkle through her eyes  
 In that dark hour ! how all serene she lay  
 Beneath the openings of celestial day !

Her soul retires from sense, refines from sin,  
While the descending glory wrought within ;  
Then in a sacred calm resign'd her breath,  
And as her eyelids closed, she smiled in death.

O may some pious friend, who weeping stands  
Near my last pillow with uplifted hands,  
Or wipes the mortal dew from off my face,  
Witness such triumphs in my soul, and trace  
The dawn of glory in my dying mien,  
While on my lifeless lips such heavenly smiles are  
seen !

*September 29, 1720.*

---

## AN ELEGIAC ODE

ON THE DEATH OF THAT EXCELLENT MAN,  
SIR THOMAS ABNEY.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam chari capitis ? præcipe lugubres  
Cantus, Melpomene.

Ergone Abneium perpetuus sopor  
Urget ? Cui pudor et justitiæ soror  
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,  
Quando ullum invenient parem ? HOR.

### PART I.

HIS PRIVATE LIFE.

ABNEY expires. A general groan [behave  
Sounds through the house. How must a friend  
Where Death and Grief have raised their throne,  
And the sad chambers seem the' apartments of the  
grave ?



Shall I appear amongst the chief  
 Of mourners, wailing o'er the dear deceased?  
 Or must I seek to charm their grief,  
 And in distress of soul to comfort the distress'd?

I mourn by turns, and comfort too :  
 He that can feel, can ease another's smart ;  
 The drops of sympathetic woe  
 Convey the heavenly cordial warmer to the heart.

We mourn a thousand joys deceased,  
 We name the Husband with a mournful tongue ;  
 He, when the powers of life decreased,  
 Felt the diviner flame of love for ever young.

Thrice happy man ! thrice happy pair !  
 If love could bid approaching Death remove,  
 The painful name of Widow here  
 Had ever been unknown : but Death is deaf to love.

Albina ' mourns, she mourns alone,  
 Her grief unrival'd in a house of tears ;  
 The partner of her soul is gone, [cares.  
 Who doubled all her joys, and half sustain'd her

See the fair Offspring of the dead,  
 With their young griefs Albina they enclose,  
 Beside the Father's dying bed ;  
 And as her woes increase, their love and duty grows.

The Children feel the Mother's pain,  
 Down their pale cheeks the trickling sorrows roll ;  
 The Mother sees and weeps again,  
 With all the tender passions struggling in her soul.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Abney.

The tender passions reign and spread  
Through the whole house, and to the courts descend:  
We mourn the best of Brothers dead;  
We mourn the kindest Master, and the firmest  
Friend.

We mourn; but not as wretches do,  
Where vicious lives all hope in death destroy:  
A falling tear is Nature's due,  
But Hope climbs high, and borders on celestial joy.

There sits the late departed saint<sup>2</sup>;  
There dwells the Husband, Father, Brother, Friend;  
Then let us cease the sore complaint;  
Or, mingled with our groans, let notes of praise  
ascend.

Great God, to thee we raise our song!  
Thine were the graces that enrich'd his mind;  
We bless thee, that he shone so long,  
And left so fair a track of pious life behind.

---

## PART II.

### HIS PUBLIC CHARACTER AND DEATH.

BUT can domestic sorrows show  
A nation's loss? Can private tears suffice  
To mourn the Saint and Ruler too,  
Great names, so rarely join'd below the blissful  
skies?

<sup>2</sup> *Justum et tenacem propositi virum, &c.*  
*Hac arte—Enixus arces attingit igneas.* HOR.

Could Abney in our world be born ?  
 Could Abney live, and not Britannia smile ?  
 Or die, and not Britannia mourn <sup>3</sup>,  
 When such ethereal worth left our degenerate isle ?

'Twas heavenly wisdom, zeal divine,  
 Taught him the balance and the sword to hold ;  
 His looks with sacred justice shine  
 Beyond the scarlet honours, or the wreathen gold.

Truth, Freedom, Courage, Prudence, stood  
 Attending, when he fill'd the solemn chair :  
 He knew no friendships, birth, nor blood,  
 Nor wealth, nor gay attire, when criminals were  
 there <sup>4</sup>.

He sign'd their doom with steady hand ;  
 Yet drops of pity from his eyelids roll :  
 He <sup>5</sup> punish'd to reform the land,  
 With terror on his brow, and mercy in his soul.

<sup>3</sup> Cunctis ille bonis flebilis occidit. HOR.

<sup>4</sup> —Est animus tibi  
 Rerumque prudens, et secundis  
 Temporibus, dubiisque rectus ;  
 Vindex avaræ fraudis, et abstinens  
 Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ.  
 — Bonus atque fidus  
 Judex honestam prætulit utili,  
 Rejecit alto dona nocentiam  
 Vultu—— HOR.

<sup>5</sup> Qui quærit Pater urbium  
 Subsribi statuis, indomitam audeat  
 Refrenare licentiam,  
 Cædes, et rabiem tollere civium— HOR.

His tongue was much unskill'd to chide;  
Soft were his lips, and all his language sweet :  
His soul disdain'd the airs of pride,  
Yet love and reverence greet him through the  
crowded street.

Godlike he lived and acted here,  
Moving unseen, and still sublimely great ;  
Yet when his country claim'd his care,  
Descending he appear'd, and bore the pomp of state.

He more than once obliged the throne,  
And saved the nation : yet he shunn'd the fame ;  
Careless to make his merit known. [name !  
The Christian hath enough, that Heaven records his

His humble soul conversed on high ;  
Heaven was his hope, his rest, his native home ;  
His treasures lay above the sky ; [come.  
Much he possess'd on earth, but more in worlds to

With silent steps he traced the way  
To the fair courts of light, his wish'd abode ;  
Nor would he ask a moment's stay, [God.  
Nor make the convoy wait, that call'd his soul to

See the good man with head reclined,  
And peaceful heart, resign his precious breath :  
No guilty thoughts oppress his mind ;  
Calm and serene his life, serene and calm his death.

Laden with honours and with years,  
His vigorous virtue shot a youthful ray ;  
And while he ends his race, appears  
Bright as the setting Sun of a long cloudless day.

Spent with the toil of busy hours,  
 Nature retired, and life sunk down to sleep;  
 Come, dress the bed with fadeless flowers;  
 Come, angels, round his tomb immortal vigils keep.

The heart of every Briton rears  
 A monument to Abney's spotless fame:  
 The pencil faints, the Muse despairs:  
 His country's grief and love must eternize his name.

Sic cecinit mœrens,  
 Inter mœrores domesticos,  
 Et patriæ suæ luctus.

I. W.

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## DEATH AND HEAVEN,

*In five Lyric Odes.*

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### ODE I.

THE SPIRIT'S FAREWELL TO THE BODY AFTER LONG  
 SICKNESS.

How am I held a prisoner now,  
 Far from my God! this mortal chain  
 Binds me to sorrows: all below  
 Is short-lived ease or tiresome pain.

When shall that wondrous hour appear,  
 Which frees me from this dark abode,  
 To live at large in regions, where  
 Nor cloud nor veil shall hide my God?

Farewell this flesh, these ears, these eyes,  
These snares and fetters of the mind :  
My God ! nor let this frame arise  
Till every dust be well refined.

Jesus ! who makèst our natures whole,  
Mould me a body like thy own :  
Then shall it better serve my soul  
In works of praise and worlds unknown.

---

ODE II.

THE DEPARTING MOMENT ; OR, ABSENT FROM THE  
BODY.

ABSENT from flesh : O blissful thought !  
What unknown joys this moment brings !  
Freed from the mischief sin hath wrought,  
From pains and tears, and all their springs.

Absent from flesh : Illustrious day !  
Surprising scene ! triumphant stroke,  
That rends the prison of my clay ;  
And I can feel my fetters broke !

Absent from flesh : then rise, my soul,  
Where feet or wings could never climb,  
Beyond the Heavens where planets roll,  
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

I go where God and glory shine :  
His presence makes eternal day.  
My All that's mortal I resign ;  
For Uriel waits and points my way.

## ODE III.

ENTRANCE INTO PARADISE; OR, PRESENT WITH THE  
LORD.

AND is this Heaven? And am I there?  
How short the road! how swift the flight!  
I am all life, all eye, all ear;  
Jesus is here—my soul's delight.

Is this the heavenly Friend who hung  
In blood and anguish on the tree,  
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David sung,  
Who died for them, who died for me?

How fair, thou Offspring of my God!  
Thou first-born Image of his face!  
Thy death procured this bless'd abode,  
Thy vital beams adorn the place.

Lo! he presents me at the throne  
All spotless; there the Godhead reigns  
Sublime and peaceful through the Son:  
Awake, my voice, in heavenly strains.

## ODE IV.

THE SIGHT OF GOD IN HEAVEN.

CREATOR-GOD, eternal Light,  
Fountain of good, tremendous power,  
Ocean of wonders, blissful sight!  
Beauty and love unknown before!

Thy grace, thy nature, all unknown  
 In yon dark region whence I came ;  
 Where languid glimpses from thy throne,  
 And feeble whispers, teach thy name.

I'm in a world where all is new ;  
 My self, my God ; O bless'd amaze !  
 Not my best hopes or wishes know  
 To form a shadow of this grace.

Fix'd on my God, my heart adore !  
 My restless thoughts forbear to rove :  
 Ye meaner passions, stir no more ;  
 But all my powers be joy and love.

---

ODE V.

A FUNERAL ODE AT THE INTERMENT OF THE BODY,

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY THE MOURNERS.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;  
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
 And give these sacred relics room  
 To seek a slumber in the dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
 Invade thy bounds : no mortal woes  
 Can reach the lovely sleeper here,  
 And angels watch her soft repose.

So Jesus slept : God's dying Son  
 Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the bed.  
 Rest here, fair saint ; till from his throne  
 The morning break and pierce the shade.



Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;  
 Attend, O earth, his sovereign word ;  
 Restore thy trust, a glorious form ;  
 She must ascend to meet her Lord.

---

ON THE

**CORONATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES,**

King George III. and Queen Caroline.

OCTOBER 11, 1727.

**ERGO armis invicte heros age : fortibus apta  
 Ensem humeris ; meritam clementia temperet iram  
 Dum regis, et leges molli clementèr acerbas.  
 Te super æquævos omnes regnator Olympi  
 Diligit, et læto vultum exhilaravit olivo ;  
 Ille tuum sacro cingit diademate crinem,  
 Transmittetque tuam longæva in sæcula famam.  
 En regina tori consors tibi dextera adhæret,  
 Auro picta sinus, auro radiata capillos :  
 Tota decens, tota est gemmisque insignis et auro :  
 At facies cultum illustrat, facièque decorâ  
 Pulchrior est animus. .**

BUCHANAN.

---

**THE CORONATION DAY.**

*An Ode.*

RISE, happy morn ; fair Sun, arise ;  
 Shed radiant gold around the skies,  
 And rich in beams and blessings shine  
 Profuse on George and Caroline.

Illustrious pair! no tear to-day  
Bedew the royal Parent's clay:  
'Tis George the Bless'd remounts the throne,  
With double vigour in his Son.

Lo! the majestic form appears,  
Sparkling in life and manly years!  
The kingdom's pride, the nation's choice,  
And Heaven approves Britannia's voice.

Monarch, assume thy powers, and stand  
The guardian hero of our land:  
Let Albion's sons thy style proclaim,  
And distant realms revere thy name.

Bear on thy brows the' imperial crown;  
Rebellion dies beneath thy frown:  
A thousand gems of lustre shed  
Their lights and honours round thy head.

Lift up thy rod<sup>1</sup> of Majesty,  
The foes of God and man shall flee:  
Vice, with her execrable band,  
Shakes at the sword in George's hand.

Law, justice, valour, mercy, ride  
In arms of triumph at his side;  
And each celestial grace is seen  
In milder glories round the Queen.

Hail, Royal Fair! divinely wise!  
Not Austrian crowns<sup>2</sup> could tempt thy eyes  
To part with truth. 'Twas brave disdain,  
When Cæsar sigh'd, and loved in vain.

<sup>1</sup> The Sceptre.

<sup>2</sup> Archducal and Imperial.

But Heaven provides a rich reward :  
 George is thy lover and thy lord ;  
 The British lion bears thy fame,  
 Where Austrian eagles have no name.

See the fair train of princes near :  
 Come Frederic, Royal Youth, appear,  
 And grace the day. Shall foreign<sup>3</sup> charms  
 Still hold thee from thy country's arms ;

Britain, thy country<sup>3</sup> ? Prince arise,  
 The morning-star to gild our skies ;  
 (O may no cloud thy lustre stain !)  
 Come, lead along the shining train.

Each, in parental virtues dress'd,  
 Each born to make a nation bless'd :  
 What kings, what heroes yet ungrown,  
 Shall court the nymphs to grace their throne !

Mark that young Branch<sup>4</sup> of rising fame,  
 Proud of our great Deliverer's name :  
 He promises in infant-bloom,  
 To scourge some tyrant power of Rome.

Bloom on, fair stem ! Each flower that blows,  
 Adds new despair to Albion's foes,  
 And kills their hearts. O glorious view  
 Of joys for Albion, ever new !

<sup>3</sup> The ingenious device of the figures of Great Britain and the Protestant Religion, attending her Majesty on her Coronation Medal, with the motto, *Hic amor, hæc patria*, may support and justify these expressions.

<sup>4</sup> Prince William.

Religion, duty, truth, and love,  
In ranks of honour shine and move ;  
Pale Envy, Slander, Fraud, and Spite,  
Retire, and hide in caves of night.

Europe, behold the' amazing scene :  
Empire and liberty convene  
To join their joys and wishes here,  
While Rome and Hell consent to fear.

Eternal God, whose boundless sway  
Angels and starry worlds obey ;  
Command thy choicest favours down,  
Where thy own hands have fix'd the crown.

Come, light divine, and grace unknown ;  
Come, aid the labours of the throne ;  
Let Britain's golden ages run,  
In circles lasting as the Sun.

Bid some bright legion from the sky  
Assist the glad solemnity :  
Ye hosts, that wait on favourite kings,  
Wave your broad swords, and clap your wings.

Then rise, and to your realms convey  
The glorious tidings of the day :  
Great William shall rejoice to know  
That George the Second reigns below.

## A LOYAL WISH

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, MARCH THE FIRST,  
COMMONLY CALLED ST. DAVID'S DAY.

BORROWED FROM PSALM CXXXII. 10, 11.

SILENCE, ye nations ; Israel, hear ;  
Thus hath the Lord to David sworn,  
' Train up thy sons to learn my fear,  
And Judah's crown shall all thy race adorn ;  
Theirs be the royal honours thou hast won,  
Long as the starry wheels of Nature run ;  
Nature, be thou my pledge ; my witness be the Sun.'

Now, Britain, let thy vows arise,  
May George the royal saint assume !  
Then ask permission of the skies,  
To put the favourite name in David's room :  
Fair Carolina, join thy pious cares  
To train in Virtue's path your royal heirs, [theirs.  
And be the British crown with endless honour

---

 PIETY IN A COURT.

To *Philomela*.

I KNOW not by what train of ideas I was led this morning to muse on these four lines which I read somewhere<sup>1</sup> many years ago :

' The court's a golden but a fatal circle,  
Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils  
In crystal forms sit tempting innocence,  
And beckon early Virtue from its centre.

<sup>1</sup> They are in Lee's tragedy of *Nero*, Act ii. sc. 2.

But this description of a court gave occasion to the following inquiries :

Is there a lovely soul, so much divine,  
Can act her glorious part, and move and shine  
On this enchanted spot of treacherous ground,  
Nor give her virtue nor her fame a wound ?

Is there a soul so temper'd, so refined,  
That pomp nor feeds her sense, nor fires the mind,  
That soars above the globe with high disdain,  
While Earth's gay trifles tempt her thoughts in vain ?

Is there a soul can fix her raptur'd eyes,  
And glance warm wishes at her kindred skies  
Through roofs of vaulted gold, while round her burn  
Love's wanton fires, and die beneath her scorn ?

Is there a soul at court, that seeks the grove,  
Or lonely hill to muse on heavenly love ;  
And when to crowds and state her hour descends,  
She keeps her conscience and her God her friends !

Have ye not met her, angels, in her flight,  
Wing'd with devotion, through meridian night,  
Near Heaven's high portal?—Angels speak her  
Consign Eusebia<sup>3</sup> to celestial fame : [name,  
While Philomel, in language like our own,  
To mortal ears makes her young victories known ;  
Let Raphael to the skies her honours sing,  
And triumphs daily new. With friendly wing  
Gabriel in arms attend her through the field  
Of sacred war, and Mercy be her shield,  
While with unsullied charms she makes her way  
Through scenes of dangerous life, to realms of end-  
less day.

<sup>3</sup> Eusebia is likely to have been the Countess of Hertford ;  
and Philomel, the pious Mrs. Rowe.

## FRAGMENTS OF VERSE.

## THE PREFACE OF A LETTER,

WRITTEN AUGUST, 1692.

E'ER since the morning of that day  
 Which bid my dearest friends adieu,  
 And rolling wheels bore me away  
 Far from my native town and you:  
 E'er since I lost through distant place,  
 The pleasures of the parent's face,  
 This is the first whose language sues  
 For your release from waxen bands:  
 Laden with humble love it bows  
 To kiss a welcome from your hands:  
 Accept the duty which it brings,  
 And pardon its delaying wings.

## THE SUN IN ECLIPSE.

To Horatio.

THE first thought which I glanced upon after I had set pen to paper, was the approach of the *Solar Eclipse*; and it impressed me with such force, that I was constrain'd to spend a few lines to dress up a sudden thought on that subject, in the strain which we learned not many years ago, among the heathen poets.

Now, now 'tis just at hand—  
 Now the bright Sun leaves his meridian stage,  
 Rolls down the hill, and meets his sister's rage;

Her gloomy wheels full at his chariot run,  
 And join fierce combat with her brother Sun.  
 The gentle monarch of the azure plain  
 Still paints and silvers her rebellious wain,  
 And shoots his wonted fires, but shoots his fires  
 in vain.

The' ungrateful planet does as fast requite  
 The' o'erflowing measures of her borrow'd light,  
 With an impetuous deluge of resistless night.  
 His flaming coursers toss their raging heads,  
 And heave and grapple with the stubborn shades ;  
 Their eyeballs flash, their brazen billows puff,  
 And belch ethereal fire to guard the darkness off ;  
 In vain their brazen lungs, in vain their eyes,  
 Night spreads her banners o'er the wondering skies.

Say, peaceful Muse, what fury did excite  
 The kindred stars to this prodigious fight ?  
 Are these the rules of Nature ? Will the skies  
 Let such dark scenes of dreadful battle rise ?  
 What dire events hang threatening o'er the earth ?  
 What plagues, what wars, just bursting into birth ?  
 Now for his teeming glebe the ploughman fears,  
 Lest it should yield a crop of iron spears :  
 Shepherds see death spread o'er the fleecy downs ;  
 Monarchs grow pale, and tremble for their crowns :  
 Vain dreams of mortal weakness!—

Awake, Philosophy, with radiant eye,  
 Who searcheth all that's deep, and all that's high ;  
 Awake, survey the spheres, explain the laws  
 Of Heaven, and bring to light the' eternal cause,  
 Of present darkness, &c.

*Southampton,*  
*June, 1695.*



IN

## A LETTER TO MARINDA,

SPEAKING CONCERNING OUR BLESSED SAVIOUR.

LET your immortal thoughts arise,  
 Survey him crown'd with every grace;  
 Jesus! the wonder of the skies;  
 The great, the meek, the lovely, and the wise;  
 The joy and glory of the place!  
 Here angels fix their gazing sight;  
 Here saints, releas'd from earth and sin,  
 Dwell on his face divinely bright,  
 Copy his beauties with intense delight,  
 And with advancing lustre shine.

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 THE INSCRIPTIONS

ON SEVERAL SMALL FRENCH PICTURES,  
 TRANSLATED.

---

 ANGELICA SINGING.

WHAT! music and devotion too!  
 This is the business angels do:  
 When hearts, and hymns, and voices join,  
 It makes the pleasant work divine.

---

 CHLORIS STRINGING PEARLS.

VIRTUE and Truth in heart and head,  
 Which teach you how to act and speak,  
 Are brighter pearls than those you thread,  
 Chloris, to tie about your neck.

## PHYLLIS PLAYING WITH A PARROT.

IF women will not be inclined  
To seek the' improvements of the mind,  
Believe me, Phyllis, for 'tis true,  
Parrots will talk as well as you.

---

## CLAUDINA, THE COOK-MAID.

THE cook, who in her humble post,  
Provides the family with food,  
Excels those empty dames that boast  
Of charms and lovers, birth and blood.

---

## FLORELLA SINGING TO HER HARP.

FLORELLA sings and plays so well,  
Which she doth best is hard to tell :  
But 'tis a poor account to say,  
All she can do is sing and play.

---

## AMARYLLIS SPINNING.

O WHAT a pretty spinner's here!  
How sweet her looks ! how neat her linen !  
If Love and Youth came both to see her,  
Youth would at once set Love a spinning.

---

## DORINDA SEWING.

WE stand exposed to every sin  
While idle, and without employ ;  
But business holds our passions in,  
And keeps out all unlawful joy.

IRIS SUCKLING THREE LAP-DOGS,  
FOND foolish woman ! while you nurse  
Those puppies at your breast,  
Your name and credit fares the worse  
For every drop they taste.  
Iris, for shame, those brutes remove,  
And better learn to place your love.

---

POMONA, THE MARKET MAID.  
VIRTUE adorns her soul within,  
Her homely garb is ever clean :  
Such innocence, disdaining art,  
Gives love an honourable dart.

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## INSCRIPTIONS ON DIALS.

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WRITTEN ON A SUN-DIAL IN A CIRCLE.  
SIC petit oceanum Phœbus, sic vita sepulchrum,  
Dum sensim tacitâ volvitur hora rotâ ;  
Secula sic fugient ; sic lux, sic umbra, theatrum,  
Donec stelligerum clausurit una dies.

AFTERWARDS TURNED INTO ENGLISH.  
THUS steal the silent hours away,  
The Sun thus hastes to reach the sea,  
And men to mingle with their clay :  
Thus light and shade divide the year,  
Thus, till the last great day appear,  
And shut the starry theatre.

## ANOTHER.

So slide the hours, so wears the day,  
 These moments measure life away,  
 With all its trains of hope and fear ;  
 Till shifting scenes of shade and light  
 Rise to eternal day, or sink in endless night,  
 Where all is joy or all despair.

---

ON A CEILING-DIAL, USUALLY CALLED A SPOT-DIAL,  
 MADE AT A WESTERN WINDOW AT THEOBALDS.

LITTLE Sun upon the ceiling,  
 Ever moving, ever stealing  
 Moments, minutes, hours away ;  
 May no shade forbid thy shining,  
 While the heavenly Sun declining  
 Calls us to improve the day.

---

## ANOTHER, FOR A SPOT-DIAL.

SHINING spot, but ever sliding !  
 Brightest hours have no abiding :  
 Use the golden moments well :  
 Life is wasting,  
 Death is hastening,  
 Death consigns to Heaven or Hell.

---

## ANOTHER.

SEE the little day-star moving ;  
 Life and time are worth improving,

Seize the moments while they stay;  
 Seize and use them,  
 Lest you lose them,  
 And lament the wasted day.

---

## OTHER MOTTOS ON DIALS.

FESTINAT suprema,  
 Proxima non nostra est.  
 Vehimur properantibus horis  
 Ad cœlum aut Erebum,  
 Sic imus ad atria lucis  
 Aut umbras Erebi.

---

## INSCRIPTIONS ON PORTRAITS.

## THE LINES UNDER DR. OWEN'S PICTURE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

UMBRA refert fragiles dederint quas cura delorque  
 Reliquias, studiis assiduusque labor.  
 Mentem humilem sacri servantem limina veri  
 Votis supplicibus qui dedit, ille videt.

## ENGLISHED THUS:

BEHOLD the shade, the frail remains  
 Of sickness, cares, and studious pains,  
 The mind in humble posture waits  
 At sacred Truth's celestial gates,  
 And keeps those bounds with holy fear,  
 While he who gave it, sees it there.

**VARIOUS MOTTOS FOR AN EFFIGY.**

I.

Do tibi terra quod umbra refert: satis exhibet umbra  
 Quod modò pulvis erat, quod citò pulvis erit.  
 Mens donata Deo cupit immortalia, cælum  
 Suspicit, æthereis associanda choris.  
 Monstrat iter mihi sola fides: amor adjicit alas:  
 Surgo: levatricem, gratia, tende manum.  
 Nox, error, dolor, ira, metus, caro, munde, valete:  
 Lux, via, vita, salus, omnia Christus erit.

II.

IN Christo mea vita latet: mea gloria Christus:  
 Hunc lingua, hunc calamus celebrat, nec imago  
 tacebit.

In uno Jesu omnia.

III.

Τὰ ἀνω ζητοῦμεν, Ἀληθεύοντες ἐν ἀγαπῇ.  
 Seeking the things above, And speaking truth in  
 love.

IV.

EST mihi Christus vivere, et lucrum mori.

V.

Χριστός ἐμοὶ το ζῆν. Κέρδος ἐμοὶ το θανειν.

VI.

SIC levis umbra virum, vir Paulum, Paulus  
 Jesum sequitur, non assequitur.

## EPIGRAMS.

---

IN MIRUM MARIS MERIDIONALIS THESAURI INCRE-  
MENTUM, ANNO 1720.

EXORTA è medio jam fortitè aura popello  
Spirat in Australes fructus : Argentea spuma  
Tollitur in montes ; (mirandum) atque aurea regna  
Exurgunt ponto. Circumfremet undique turba  
Mercantùm, in cœlum aspirans : Summa æquora  
nautæ

Certatim scandunt, et se mirantur in astris :  
Quisque sibi diadema facit, nam plurimus extat  
Crœsus. At infidos, O qui sapis, effuge fluctus,  
Nec tumidæ credas (licet auro splendeat) undæ,  
Ne repetas miserum per mille pericla profundum,  
Rex brevis. Heu ! simulac subsiderit aura popelli,  
Unda jacet ; montes pereunt ; evanida regna ;  
Nil suberit spumæ nisi fortè marina ' vorago.

---

ON THE WONDROUS RISE OF THE SOUTH SEA STOCK,  
1720.

'Tis said, the citizens have sold  
Faith, truth, and trade, for South Sea gold :  
'Tis false ; for those that know can swear  
All is not gold that glisters there.

<sup>1</sup> Alii legendum vellent Mortimerina.

INSCRIBENDUM MARIS MERIDIONALIS GAZOPHYLACIO,  
SIVE OFFICINÆ.

**QUISQUIS** es, hic intra, cui crescere nummulus  
ardet,

**Cuive** crumena gravis nimis est: **Hic** Gaza paratur  
**Ampla** magis, sed onusta minus; centena talenta  
**Australi** videas citò tèt triplicata sub undâ;  
**Quod** gravitatis abest numerum supplere videbis.  
**Hic** bullæ, fumus, rumor, spes, lana caprina,  
**Nix** æstiva, umbræ, phantasmata, somnia, venti,  
**Prædia** in Utopicis regionibus, aurea spuma,  
**Aeriæque** arces venduntur, emuntur in horas.

*vel si brevior inscriptio magis arridet.*

— **Non** omne quod hic micat aurum est.

*April 6, 1720.*

SABINA AND HER COMPANIONS TRAVELLING TOGETHER  
TO SEE FINE BUILDINGS AND GARDENS.

**WHILE** round the gardens and the groves  
**Your** foot, your eye, your fancy roves,  
**With** still new forms of pleasure in a warm pursuit;  
**Let** every tree yield knowledge too,  
**Safer** than that in Eden grew,  
**Where** your own mother Eve found poison in the  
fruit.

THE SAME.

**GO,** view the dwellings of the great,  
**The** spacious court, the towering seat,  
41. T



The roofs of costly form, the fret-work and the gold;  
 Mark the bright tap'stry scenes, and say,  
 Will these make wrinkled age delay,  
 Or warm the cheek, and paint it gay,  
 When Death spreads o'er the face her frightful pale  
 and cold ?

---

## THE SAME.

IN vain to search the verdant scenes,  
 The shaded walks, the flowery greens,  
 The trees of golden fruit, for what can ne'er be  
 found ;  
 You search for bliss, where 'twill not grow,  
 There is no Paradise below,  
 Since Life's immortal tree is perish'd from the  
 ground.

---

## RATIO, FIDES, CHARITAS.

RECTA fidem ratio juvat : alma fides rationem :  
 Sed ratio atque fides nil sine amore juvant.

---

## IDEM.

ET ratio fidei est, et amica fides rationi :  
 At nihil ambo valent si mihi desit amor.

## EPITAPHS.

---

INSCRIPTION ON A MONUMENTAL STONE IN CHESHUNT  
CHURCH, HERTS. IN MEMORY OF THOMAS PICKARD,  
ESQ. CITIZEN OF LONDON, WHO DIED SUDDENLY, JAN.  
29. A. D. 1719, ÆTAT. 50.

A SOUL prepared needs no delays,  
The summons come, the saint obeys;  
Swift was his flight, and short the road;  
He closed his eyes, and saw his God.  
The flesh rests here till Jesus come,  
And claim the treasure from the tomb.

---

ON THE GRAVE-STONE OF MR. JOHN MAY, A YOUNG  
STUDENT IN DIVINITY, WHO DIED AFTER A LINGER-  
ING AND PAINFUL SICKNESS, AND WAS BURIED IN  
CHESHUNT CHURCH-YARD, HERTS.

So sleep the saints, and cease to groan,  
When Sin and Death have done their worst:  
Christ hath a glory like his own,  
Which waits to clothe their waking dust.

---

WRITTEN FOR A GRAVE-STONE OF A NEAR RELATION.

IN faith she died; in dust she lies;  
But Faith foresees that dust shall rise  
When Jesus calls, while Hope assumes  
And boasts her joy among the tombs.

## OR THUS:

**BENEATH** this stone Death's prisoner lies ;  
**The stone shall move, the prisoner rise,**  
**When Jesus, with almighty word,**  
**Calls his dead saints to meet their Lord.**

---

**TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE REV. MR. SAMUEL  
 HARVEY, OF LONDON, WHO DIED APRIL 17TH, 1729.  
 ETAT. 30.**

**HERE** lie the ruins of a lowly tent <sup>1</sup>,  
**Where the seraphic soul of Harvey spent**  
**Its mortal years. How did his genius shine,**  
**Like Heaven's bright envoy, clad in powers divine!**  
**When from his lips the grace and vengeance broke,**  
**'Twas majesty in arms, 'twas melting mercy spoke.**  
**What worlds of worth lay crowded in that breast!**  
**Too straight the mansion for the illustrious guest.**  
**Zeal, like a flame shot from the realms of day,**  
**Aids the slow fever to consume the clay,**  
**And bears the Saint up through the starry road**  
**Triumphant:—so Elijah went to God.**

<sup>1</sup> He was a person of a very low stature, but of an excellent spirit, adorned with all the graces of a minister and a Christian, in a most uncommon degree. His sickness was a slow fever: but while the disorder was upon him, he ventured abroad, according to a promise made some time before, and his zeal exhausted his spirits in pious and profitable conversation, with some young persons, who greatly valued his ministry. In a few days the distemper prevailed beyond the reach and power of medicine.

What happy prophet shall this mantle find,  
Heir to the double portion of his mind ?

Sic musâ jam veterascenti  
Inter justissimus amicorum et ecclesia  
Fletus Harvæo suo parentat.

I. W.

ON THE REVEREND MR. MATTHEW CLARKE.

M. S.

In hoc sepulchro conditur.  
MATTHÆUS CLARKE.  
Patris venerandi filiûs cognominis,  
nec ipse minûs venerandus :  
Lîteris sacris et humanis  
à primâ ætate innutritus :  
Linguarum scientissimus :  
In munere concionatorio  
eximius, operosus et felix :  
In officio pastorali  
fidelis et vigilans :  
Inter theologorum dissidia  
moderatus et pacificus :  
Ad omnia pietatis munia  
promptus semper et alacris :  
Conjux, frater, pater, amicus,  
inter præstantissimos :  
Erga omnes hominum ordines  
egregiè benevolus.

Quas verò innumeras invicta modestia dotes  
Celavit, nec fama profert, nec copia fandi

Est tumulo concessa : sed olim marmore rupto  
 Ostendet ventura dies ; præconia cœli  
 Narrabunt ; iudex agnoscet, et omnia plaudent.  
 Abi, viator, ubicunque terrarum fueris,  
 hæc audies.

Natus est in agro Leicestriensi, A. D. 1664.  
 Obiit Londini, 27<sup>o</sup> die Martii, 1726.  
 Ætat. suæ 62.

Multùm dilectus, multùm desideratus.

---

IN ENGLISH THUS :

Sacred to memory.  
 In this sepulchre lies buried  
 MATTHEW CLARKE.  
 A son bearing the name  
 of his venerable father,  
 nor less venerable himself :  
 Trained up from his youngest years  
 in sacred and human learning :  
 Very skilful in the languages :  
 In the gift of preaching  
 excellent, laborious, and successful :  
 In the pastoral office  
 faithful and vigilant :  
 Among the controversies of divines  
 moderate always and pacific :  
 Ever ready for all the duties of piety :  
 Among husbands, brothers, fathers, friends,  
 he had few equals :  
 And his carriage towards all mankind was  
 eminently benevolent.

But what rich stores of grace lay hid behind  
 The veil of modesty, no human mind

Can search, no friend declare, nor fame reveal,  
 Nor has this mournful marble power to tell.  
 Yet there's a hastening hour, it comes, it comes,  
 To rouse the sleeping dead, to burst the tombs  
 And set the saint in view. All eyes behold:  
 While the vast records of the skies unroll'd,  
 Rehearse his works, and spread his worth abroad;  
 The Judge approves, and Heaven and earth ap-  
 Go, traveller; and wheresoe'er [plaud.  
     Thy wandering feet shall rest  
 In distant lands, thy ear shall hear  
     His name pronounced and bless'd.

He was born in Leicestershire, in the year 1664.  
 He died at London, March 27, 1726,  
     Aged sixty-two years,  
 Much beloved and much lamented.

---

## MEDITATION

### ON PASSING THROUGH A CHURCH-YARD.

ALL born on earth must die. Destruction reigns  
 Round the whole globe, and changes all its scenes.  
 Time brushes off our lives with sweeping wing:  
 But Heaven defies its power. There angels sing  
 Immortal; to that world direct thy sight,  
 My soul, ethereal-born, and thither aim thy flight:  
 There virtue finds reward; eternal joy,  
 Unknown on earth, shall the full soul employ.  
 This glebe of death we tread, these shining skies  
 Hold out the moral lessons to our eyes.  
 The Sun still travels his illustrious round,  
 While ages bury ages under ground:

While heroes sink forgotten in their urns,  
 Still Phosphor<sup>1</sup> glitters, and still Sirius<sup>2</sup> burns.  
 Light reigns through worlds above, and life with  
 all her springs :

Yet man lies groveling on the earth,  
 The soul forgets its heavenly birth,  
 Nor mourns her exile thence, nor homeward tries  
 her wings,



## HYMN.

WHEN death and everlasting things  
 Approach and strike the sight,  
 The soul unfolds itself, and brings  
 Its hidden thoughts to light.

The silent Christian speaks for God,  
 With courage owns his name;  
 And spreads the Saviour's grace abroad;  
 The zeal subdues the shame.

Lord! shall my soul again conceal  
 Her faith, if death retire?  
 Shall shame subdue the lively zeal,  
 And quench the' etherial fire?

O may my thoughts for ever keep  
 The grave and Heaven in view,  
 Lest if my zeal and courage sleep,  
 My lips grow silent too!

<sup>1</sup> The Morning Star and the Dog Star.

## THE REWARDS OF POESY.

DAMON, THALIA, URANIA.

DAMON.

MUSE, 'tis enough that in thy fairy bow'rs  
 My youth has lost a thousand sprightly hours,  
 Attending thy vagaries, in pursuit  
 Of painted blossoms or enchanted fruit.  
 Forbear to tease my riper age: 'tis hard  
 To be a slave so long, and find so small reward.

THALIA.

Man, 'tis enough that in the book of Fame,  
 On brazen leaves the Muse shall write thy name,  
 Illustrious as her own, and make thy years the  
 same.

Fame with her silver trump shall spread the sound  
 Of Damon's verse, wide as the distant bound  
 Of British empire, or the world's vast round.  
 I see, I see from far, the falling oars  
 And flying sails that bear to western shores  
 Thy shining name; it shoots from sea to sea;  
 Envy pursues, but faints amidst the way:  
 In vision my prophetic tube describes  
 Behind five hundred years new ages rise,  
 Who read thy works with rapture in their eyes.  
 Cities unbuilt shall bless the lyric bard.  
 O glorious memory! O immense reward!



DAMON.

Ah! flattering Muse! how fruitless and how fair  
 These visionary scenes and sounding air!  
 Fruitless and vain to me! Can noisy breath,  
 Or Fame's loud trumpet, reach the courts of Death?  
 I shall be stretch'd upon my earthly bed,  
 Unthinking dust, nor know the honours paid  
 To my surviving song. Thalia, say, [pay?  
 Have I no more to hope? Hast thou no more to

THALIA.

Say, what had Horace, what had Homer more,  
 My favourite sons, whom men almost adore;  
 And youth, in learned ranks, for ever sings,  
 While perish'd heroes and forgotten kings  
 Have lost their names? 'Tis sovereign wit has bought  
 This deathless glory: this the wise have thought  
 Prodigious recompense!——

DAMON.

————— Prodigious fools!  
 To think the hum and buzz of paltry schools,  
 And awkward tones of boys, are prizes meet  
 For Roman harmony and Grecian wit!  
 Rise from thy long repose, old Homer's ghost!  
 Horace, arise! Are these the palms you boast  
 For your victorious verse? Great poets, tell,  
 Can echoes of a name reward you well  
 For labours so sublime? Or have you found  
 Praise make your slumbers sweeter in the ground?

THALIA.

Yes, their sweet slumbers, guarded by my wing,  
 Are lull'd and soften'd by the' eternal spring

Of bubbling praises from the' Aonian hill,  
Whose branching streams divide a silver rill  
To every kindred urn: and thine shall share  
These purling blessings under hallow'd air,  
The poet's dreams in death are still the Muses' care.

## DAMON.

Once, thou fair tempter of my heedless youth;  
Once, and by chance, thy tropes have hit the truth:  
Praise is but empty air, a purling stream,  
Poets are paid with bubbles in a dream.  
Hast thou no songs to entertain thy dead?  
No phantom-lights to glimmer round my shade?

## THALIA.

Believe me, mortal, where thy relics sleep,  
My nightingales shall tuneful vigils keep,  
And cheer thy silent tomb: the glow-worm shine  
With evening lamp, to mark which earth is thine:  
While midnight fairies, tripping round thy bed,  
Collect a moon-beam glory for thy head.  
Fair hyacinths thy hillock shall adorn,  
And living ivy creep about thy urn:  
Sweet violets scent the ground, while laurels throw  
Their leafy shade o'er the green turf below,  
And borrow life from thee to crown some poet's  
brow.

## DAMON.

Muse, thy last blessings sink below the first;  
Ah! wretched trifler! to array my dust [just!  
In thy green flowery forms, and think the payment  
Poor is thy gain should nations join to praise;  
And now must chirping birds reward my lays?

What! shall the travels of my soul be paid  
 With glow-worm light, and with a leafy shade,  
 Violets and creeping ivies? Is this all  
 The Muse can promise, or the poet call  
 His glorious hope and joy?————  
 Are these the honours of thy favourite sons, [bones  
 To have their flesh, their limbs, their mouldering  
 Fatten the glebe to make a laurel grow,  
 Which the foul carcass of a dog might do,  
 Or any vile manure? Away, be gone;  
 Tempt me no more; I now renounce thy throne:  
 My indignation swells. Here, fetch me fire,  
 Bring me my Odes, the labours of the lyre;  
 I doom them all to ashes.————

## URANIA.

Rash man, restrain thy wrath; these Odes are mine;  
 Small is thy right in gifts so much divine.  
 Was it thy skill that to a Saviour's name  
 Strung David's harp, and drew the illustrious theme  
 From smoking altars and a bleeding lamb?  
 Who form'd thy sounding shell? who fix'd the strings,  
 Or taught thy hand to play eternal things?  
 Was't not my aid that raised thy notes so high?  
 And they must live till Time and Nature die.  
 Here Heaven and Virtue reign: here Joy and Love  
 Tune the retired devotion of the grove,  
 And train up mortals for the thrones above.  
 Sinners shall start, and, struck with dread divine,  
 Shrink from the vengeance of some flaming line,  
 Shall melt in trickling woes for follies past;  
 Yet all amidst their piercing sorrows taste  
 The sweets of pious hope: Immanuel's blood  
 Flows in the verse, and seals the pardon good.

Salvation triumphs here, and heals the smart  
 Of wounded conscience and a breaking heart.  
 Youth shall learn temperance from these hallow'd  
 strains,

Shall bind their passions in harmonious chains;  
 And virgins learn to love with cautious fear,  
 Nor virtue needs her guard of blushes here.  
 Matrons, grown reverend in their silver hairs,  
 Sooth the sad memory of their ancient cares  
 With these soft hymns; while on their trembling  
 knee

Sits their young offspring of the fourth degree  
 With listening wonder, till their infant tongue  
 Stammers and lisps, and learns the' immortal song,  
 And lays up the fair lesson to repeat [feet.  
 To the fourth distant age, when sitting round their

Each heaven-born heart shall choose a favourite  
 To bear their morning homage to their God, [ode  
 And pay their nightly vows. These sacred themes  
 Inspire the pillows with ethereal dreams:  
 And oft amidst the burthens of the day  
 Some devout couplet wings the soul away,  
 Forgetful of this globe. Adieu, the cares  
 Of mortal life! Adieu, the sins, the snares!  
 She talks with angels, and walks o'er the stars.  
 Amidst the' exalted raptures of the lyre,  
 O'erwhelm'd with bliss, shall aged saints expire,  
 And mix their notes at once with some celestial  
 choir.

## DAMON.

What holy sounds are these! what strains divine!  
 Is it thy voice, O bless'd Urania, thine!  
 Enough: I claim no more. My toils are paid,  
 My midnight-lamp, and my o'er-labour'd head,

My early sighs for thy propitious power,  
 And my wing'd zeal to seize the lyric hour :  
 Thy words reward them all. And when I die,  
 May the Great Ruler of the rolling sky [eye.  
 Give thy predictions birth, with blessings from his  
 I lay my flesh to rest, with heart resign'd  
 And smiling hope. Arise, my deathless mind,  
 Ascend, where all the blissful passions flow  
 In sweeter numbers; and let mortals know  
 Urania leaves these Odes to cheer their toils below.

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 THE

## BRITISH FISHERMAN.

LET Spain's proud traders, when the mast  
 Bends groaning to the stormy blast,  
 Run to their beads with wretched plaints,  
 And vow and bargain with their saints,  
 Lest Turkish silks or Tyrian wares  
     Sink in the drowning ship,  
     Or the rich dust Peru prepares  
     Defraud their long projecting cares,  
 And add new treasures to the greedy deep.

My little skiff, that skims the shores  
 With half a sail and two short oars,  
 Provides me food in gentler waves ;  
 But if they gape in watery graves,  
 I trust the' Eternal Power, whose hand  
     Has swell'd the storm so high,  
     To waft my boat and me to land,  
     Or give some angel swift command  
 To bear the drowning sailor to the sky.

## REDEMPTION.

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,  
That brightest monument of praise  
That e'er the God of love design'd,  
Employs and fills my labouring mind.

Begin, my Muse, the heavenly song,  
A burthen for an angel's tongue :  
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,  
He tunes and summons all his strings.

Proclaim inimitable love :  
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,  
Puts off the beams of bright array,  
And veils the God in mortal clay.

What black reproach defiled his name,  
When with our sin he took our shame!  
The power whom kneeling angels bless'd  
Is made the impious rabble's jest.

He that distributes crowns and thrones,  
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds and groans :  
The Prince of Life resigns his breath,  
The King of Glory bows to Death.

But see the wonders of his power,  
He triumphs in his dying hour ;  
And whilst by Satan's rage he fell,  
He dash'd the rising hopes of Hell.

Thus were the hosts of Death subdued,  
 And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood :  
 Then he arose, and reigns above,  
 And conquers sinners by his love.

---

COMPLAINT AND HOPE UNDER GREAT  
 PAIN.

1736.

LORD! I am pain'd ; but I resign  
 To thy superior will :  
 'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,  
 Appoints the pains I feel.

Dark are the ways of Providence,  
 While those that love Thee groan :  
 Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,  
 Mysterious and unknown.

Yet Nature may have leave to speak,  
 And plead before her God,  
 Lest the o'er-burthen'd heart should break  
 Beneath thy heavy rod.

Will nothing but such daily pain  
 Secure my soul from Hell ?  
 Canst thou not make my health attain  
 Thy kind designs as well ?

How shall my tongue proclaim thy grace,  
 While thus at home confined ?  
 What can I write, while painful flesh  
 Hangs heavy on the mind ?

These groans and sighs, and flowing tears,  
Give my poor spirit ease,  
While every groan my Father hears,  
And every tear he sees.

Is not some smiling hour at hand,  
With peace upon its wings?  
Give it, O God! thy swift command,  
With all the joys it brings.



ON AN ELEGY WRITTEN BY  
THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD,  
ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ROWE.

1737.

STRUCK with the sight of Philomela's urn,  
Eusebia weeps, and calls her Muse to mourn;  
While from her lips the tuneful sorrows fell,  
The groves confess a rising Philomel!



DR. YOUNG'S ADMIRABLE DESCRIPTION OF

THE PEACOCK,

ENLARGED.

VIEW next the peacock: what bright glories run  
From plume to plume, and vary in the Sun?  
Proudly he boasts them to the heavenly ray,  
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day.



Was it thy pencil, Job, divinely bold,  
Dress'd his rich form in azure, green, and gold?  
Thy hand his crest with starry radiance crown'd,  
Or spread his sweeping train? His train disdains  
the ground,  
And kindles living lamps through all the spacious  
round.

Mark with what conscious state the bird displays  
His native gems, and midst the waving blaze  
On the slow step of majesty he moves,  
Asserts his honours, and demands his loves.

---

THE  
POEMS  
OF  
Thomas Walden, D. D.



THE  
LIFE  
OF  
THOMAS YALDEN, D. D.  
BY  
DR. JOHNSON.

---

**T**HOMAS YALDEN, the sixth son of Mr. John Yalden, of Sussex, was born in the city of Exeter in 1671. Having been educated in the grammar-school belonging to Magdalen College in Oxford, he was in 1690, at the age of nineteen, admitted commoner of Magdalen Hall, under the tuition of Josiah Pullen, a man whose name is still remembered in the university. He became next year one of the scholars of Magdalen College, where he was distinguished by a lucky accident.

It was his turn, one day, to pronounce a declamation; and Dr. Hough, the president, happening to attend, thought the composition too good to be the speaker's. Some time after, the doctor finding him a little irregularly busy in the library, set him an exercise for punishment; and, that he might not be deceived by any artifice, locked the door. Yalden, as it happened, had been lately reading on the subject given, and produced with little difficulty a composition which so pleased the president, that he told him his former suspicions, and promised to favour him.

Among his contemporaries in the college were Addison and Sacheverell, men who were in those times friends, and who both adopted Yalden to their intimacy. Yalden continued, throughout his life, to think as probably he thought at first, yet did not forfeit the friendship of Addison.

When Namur was taken by King William, Yalden made an ode. There never was any reign more celebrated by the poets than that of William, who had very little regard for song himself, but happened to employ ministers who pleased themselves with the praise of patronage.

Of this ode mention is made in a humorous poem of that time, called *The Oxford Laureate*; in which, after many claims had been made and rejected, Yalden is represented as demanding the laurel, and as being called to his trial, instead of receiving a reward.

“ His crime was for being a felon in verse,  
 And presenting his theft to the king ;  
 The first was a trick not uncommon or scarce,  
 But the last was an impudent thing :  
 Yet what he has stolen was so little worth stealing,  
 They forgave him the damage and cost ;  
 Had he ta'en the whole ode, as he took it piece-mealing,  
 They had fined him but ten-pence at most.”

The poet whom he was charged with robbing was Congreve.

He wrote another poem on the death of the Duke of Gloucester.

In 1700 he became fellow of the college; and next year, entering into orders, was presented by the society with a living in Warwickshire<sup>1</sup>, consistent with the fellowship; and chosen lecturer of moral philosophy, a very honourable office.

On the accession of Queen Anne he wrote another

<sup>1</sup> The vicarage of Willoughby, which he resigned in 1708.

poem; and is said, by the author of the 'Biographia,' to have declared himself of the party who had the honourable distinction of High-churchmen.

In 1706 he was received into the family of the Duke of Beaufort. Next year he became doctor in divinity, and soon after resigned his fellowship and lecture; and, as a token of his gratitude, gave the college a picture of their founder.

He was made rector of Chalton and Cleanville<sup>2</sup>, two adjoining towns and benefices in Hertfordshire; and had the prebends, or sinecures, of Deans, Hains, and Pendles, in Devonshire. He had before<sup>3</sup> been chosen, in 1698, preacher of Bridewell Hospital, upon the resignation of Dr. Atterbury<sup>4</sup>.

From this time he seems to have led a quiet and inoffensive life, till the clamour was raised about Atterbury's plot. Every loyal eye was on the watch for abettors or partakers of the horrid conspiracy; and Dr. Yalden, having some acquaintance with the bishop, and being familiarly conversant with Kelly, his secretary, fell under suspicion, and was taken into custody.

Upon his examination he was charged with a dangerous correspondence with Kelly. The correspondence he acknowledged; but maintained that it had no treasonable tendency. His papers were seized; but nothing was found that could fix a crime upon him, except two words in his pocket-book, *thorough-paced doctrine*. This expression the imagination of his examiners had impregnated with treason, and the doctor was enjoined to explain. Thus pressed, he told them that the words had lain unheeded in his

<sup>2</sup> By the Duke of Beaufort.

<sup>3</sup> Not long after.

<sup>4</sup> Atterbury retained the office of preacher at Bridewell till his promotion to the see of Rochester. Yalden succeeded him as preacher in June, 1713.

pocket-book from the time of Queen Anne, and that he was ashamed to give an account of them; but the truth was, that he had gratified his curiosity one day, by hearing *Daniel Burgess* in the pulpit, and those words were a memorial hint of a remarkable sentence by which he warned his congregation to "beware of *thorough-paced doctrine*, that doctrine which, coming in at one ear, paces through the head, and goes out at the other."

Nothing worse than this appearing in his papers, and no evidence arising against him, he was set at liberty.

It will not be supposed that a man of his character attained high dignities in the Church; but he still retained the friendship, and frequented the conversation, of a very numerous and splendid set of acquaintance. He died July 16, 1736, in the 66th year of his age.

Of his poems, many are of that irregular kind, which, when he formed his poetical character, was supposed to be Pindaric. Having fixed his attention on Cowley as a model, he has attempted in some sort to rival him, and has written a *Hymn to Darkness*, evidently as a counter-part to Cowley's *Hymn to Light*.

This hymn seems to be his best performance, and is, for the most part, imagined with great vigour, and expressed with great propriety. I will not transcribe it. The seven first stanzas are good; but the third, fourth, and seventh, are the best; the eighth seems to involve a contradiction; the tenth is exquisitely beautiful; the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth, are partly mythological, and partly religious, and therefore not suitable to each other: he might better have made the whole merely philosophical.

There are two stanzas in this poem where Yalden may be suspected, though hardly convicted, of having consulted the *Hymnus ad Umbram*, of Wowerus,

in the sixth stanza, which answers in some sort to these lines :

Illa suo præest nocturnis numine sacris—  
Perque vias errare novis dat spectra figuris,  
Manesque excitos medios ululare per agros  
Sub noctem, et questu notos complere penates.

And again, at the conclusion :

Illa suo senium secludit corpore toto  
Haud numerans jugi fugientia secula lapsu,  
Ergo ubi postremum mundi compage soluta  
Hanc rerum molem suprema absumperit hora  
Ipsa leves cineres nube amplectetur opaca,  
Et prisco imperio rursus dominabitur Umbra.

His *Hymn to Light* is not equal to the other. He seems to think that there is an East absolute and positive where the Morning rises.

In the last stanza, having mentioned the sudden eruption of new-created Light, he says,

A while the' Almighty wondering stood.

He ought to have remembered that Infinite Knowledge can never wonder. All wonder is the effect of novelty upon ignorance.

Of his other poems it is sufficient to say, that they deserve perusal, though they are not always exactly polished, though the rhymes are sometimes very ill sorted, and though his faults seem rather the omissions of idleness than the negligences of enthusiasm.





**POEMS**  
OF  
**THOMAS YALDEN, D.D.**

---

**AGAINST IMMODERATE GRIEF.**

*To a young Lady-weeping.*

AN ODE IN IMITATION OF CASIMIRE.

COULD mournful sighs, or floods of tears, prevent  
The ills unhappy men lament :  
Could all the anguish of my mind  
Remove my cares, or make but Fortune kind ;  
Soon I'd the grateful tribute pay,  
And weep my troubled thoughts away :  
To wealth and pleasure every sigh prefer,  
And more than gems esteem each falling tear.

But, since insulting cares are most inclined  
To triumph o'er the' afflicted mind ;  
Since sighs can yield us no relief,  
And tears, like fruitful showers, but nourish grief ;  
Then cease, fair mourner, to complain,  
Nor lavish such bright streams in vain :  
But still with cheerful thoughts thy cares beguile,  
And tempt thy better fortunes with a smile.

The generous mind is by its sufferings known,  
 Which no affliction tramples down ;  
 But when oppress'd will upward move,  
 Spurn down its clog of cares, and soar above.  
 Thus the young royal eagle tries  
 On the sunbeams his tender eyes,  
 And, if he shrinks not at the' offensive light,  
 He's then for empire fit, and takes his soaring flight.

Though cares assault thy breast on every side,  
 Yet bravely stem the' impetuous tide :  
 No tributary tears to Fortune pay,  
 Nor add to any loss a nobler day ;  
 But with kind hopes support thy mind,  
 And think thy better lot behind :  
 Amidst afflictions let thy soul be great,  
 And show thou darest deserve a better state.

Then, lovely mourner, wipe those tears away,  
 And cares that urge thee to decay ;  
 Like ravenous Age thy charms they waste,  
 Wrinklethy youthful brow, and blooming beauties  
 But keep thy looks and mind serene, [blast.  
 All gay without, all calm within ;  
 For Fate is awed, and adverse fortunes fly  
 A cheerful look, and an unconquer'd eye.

---

## HYMN TO THE MORNING.

### IN PRAISE OF LIGHT.

PARENT of Day! whose beauteous beams of light  
 Spring from the darksome womb of Night,  
 And midst their native horrors show  
 Like gems adorning of the negro's brow ;

Not Heaven's fair bow can equal thee,  
 In all its gaudy drapery ;  
 Thou first essay of light, and pledge of day !  
 That usherest in the Sun, and still preparest its way.

Rival of shade, eternal spring of light !  
 Thou art the genuine source of it ;  
 From thy bright unexhausted womb,  
 The beauteous race of days and seasons come.  
 Thy beauty ages cannot wrong,  
 But, spite of Time, thou'rt ever young ;  
 Thou art alone Heaven's modest virgin light,  
 Whose face a veil of blushes hides from human  
 sight.

Like some fair bride thou risest from thy bed,  
 And dost around thy lustre spread ;  
 Around the universe dispense  
 New life to all, and quickening influence.  
 With gloomy smiles thy rival night  
 Beholds thy glorious dawn of light ;  
 Not all the wealth she views in mines below  
 Can match thy brighter beams, or equal lustre show.

At thy approach, Nature erects her head,  
 The smiling universe is glad ;  
 The drowsy earth and seas awake,  
 And, from thy beams, new life and vigour take :  
 When thy more cheerful rays appear,  
 E'en Guilt and women cease to fear :  
 Horror, Despair, and all the sons of Night  
 Retire before thy beams, and take their hasty flight.

To thee the grateful East their altars raise,  
 And sing with early hymns thy praise ;

Thou dost their happy soil bestow,  
 Enrich the heavens above, and earth below :  
 Thou risest in the fragrant East,  
 Like the fair phœnix from her balmy nest ;  
 No altar of the gods can equal thine, [shrine !  
 The air's thy richest incense, the whole land thy

But yet thy fading glories soon decay,  
 Thine's but a momentary stay ;  
 Too soon thou'rt ravish'd from our sight,  
 Borne down the stream of day, and overwhelm'd  
 with light.

Thy beams to their own ruin haste,  
 They're framed too exquisite to last :  
 Thine is a glorious, but a short-lived state,  
 Pity so fair a birth should yield so soon to Fate !

Before the' Almighty artist framed the sky,  
 Or gave the earth its harmony,  
 His first command was for thy light ;  
 He view'd the lovely birth, and blessed it :  
 In purple swaddling-bands it struggling lay,  
 Not yet maturely bright for day :  
 Old Chaos then a cheerful smile put on, [own.  
 And, from thy beauteous form, did first presage its

' Let there be light!' the great Creator said ;  
 His word the active child obey'd :  
 Night did her teeming womb disclose ; [rose.  
 And then the blushing Morn, its brightest offspring,  
 A while the Almighty wondering view'd,  
 And then himself pronounced it good :  
 ' With Night (said he) divide the' imperial sway ;  
 Thou my first labour art, and thou shalt bless the  
 Day.

## HYMN TO DARKNESS.

**DARKNESS!** thou first great parent of us all,  
 Thou art our great original :  
 Since from thy universal womb  
 Does all thou shadest below, thy numerous off-  
 spring, come.

Thy wondrous birth is e'en to Time unknown,  
 Or, like Eternity, thou'dst none ;  
 Whilst Light did its first being owe  
 Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now.

Say, in what distant region dost thou dwell,  
 To Reason inaccessible ?  
 From form and duller matter free,  
 Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy.

Involved in thee, we first receive our breath,  
 Thou art our refuge too in death :  
 Great monarch of the grave and womb,  
 Where'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies come.

The silent globe is struck with awful fear,  
 When thy majestic shades appear :  
 Thou dost compose the air and sea,  
 And earth a sabbath keeps, sacred to rest and thee.

In thy serener shades our ghosts delight,  
 And court the umbrage of the night :  
 In vaults and gloomy caves they stray,  
 But fly the morning's beams, and sicken at the day.

Though solid bodies dare exclude the light,  
 Nor will the brightest ray admit ;  
 No substance can thy force repel, [dwell.  
 Thou reign'st in depths below, dost in the centre

The sparkling gems, and ore in mines below,  
 To thee their beauteous lustre owe ;  
 Though form'd within the womb of Night,  
 Bright as their sire they shine with native rays of  
 light.

When thou dost raise thy venerable head,  
 And art in genuine Night array'd,  
 Thy negro beauties then delight ; [bright.  
 Beauties, like polish'd jet, with their own darkness

Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow,  
 And know'st no difference here below :  
 All things appear the same by thee,  
 Though light distinction makes, thou givest equality.

Thou, Darkness, art the lover's kind retreat,  
 And dost the nuptial joys complete ;  
 Thou dost inspire them with thy shade,  
 Givest vigour to the youth, and warmest the yield-  
 ing maid.

Calm as the bless'd above the anchorites dwell,  
 Within their peaceful gloomy cell :  
 Their minds with heavenly joys are fill'd :  
 The pleasures Light deny, thy shades forever yield.

In caves of Night, the oracles of old  
 Did all their mysteries unfold :  
 Darkness did first Religion grace,  
 Gave terrors to the god, and reverence to the place.

When the Almighty did on Horeb stand,  
Thy shades enclosed the hallow'd land ;  
In clouds of Night he was array'd,  
And venerable Darkness his pavilion made.

When he appear'd, arm'd in his power and might,  
He veil'd the beatific Light ;  
When terrible with majesty,  
In tempests he gave laws, and clad himself in thee.

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,  
Or brighter firmament was made ;  
Ere matter, time, or place, was known,  
Thou, monarch Darkness ! sway'dst these spacious  
realms alone.

But, now the Moon (though gay with borrow'd light)  
Invades thy scanty lot of Night :  
By rebel subjects thou'rt betray'd,  
The anarchy of Stars depose their monarch shade.

Yet fading Light its empire must resign,  
And Nature's power submit to thine :  
And universal ruin shall erect thy throne,  
And Fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own.



## HUMAN LIFE.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY AN EPICURE.

IN IMITATION OF THE SECOND CHAPTER OF THE  
WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

TO THE LORD HUNSDON.

A *Parvatic* One.

**THEN** will penurious Heaven no more allow?  
 No more on its own darling man bestow?  
**Is it** for this he lord of all appears,  
 And his great Maker's image bears!  
 To toil beneath a wretched state,  
 Oppress'd with miseries and fate;  
 Beneath his painful burden groan,  
**And in** this beaten road of life drudge on!  
 Amidst our labours, we possess  
 No kind allays of happiness;  
 No softening joys can call our own,  
 To make this bitter drug go down;  
 Whilst Death 'an easy conquest gains,  
**And the** 'insatiate Grave in endless triumph reigns.  
 With throes and pangs into the world we come,  
 The curse and burden of the womb:  
 Nor wretched to ourselves alone,  
 Our mother's labours introduce our own.  
**In** cries and tears our infancy we waste,  
 Those sad prophetic tears, that flow  
 By instinct of our future woe:  
**And e'en** our dawn of life with sorrows overcast.

Thus we toil out a restless age,  
 Each his laborious part must have,  
 Down from the monarch to the slave,  
 Act o'er this farce of life, then drop beneath the  
 stage.

From our first drawing vital breath,  
 From our first starting from the womb,  
 Until we reach the destined tomb,  
 We all are posting on to the dark goal of death.  
 Life, like a cloud that fleets before the wind,  
 No mark, no kind impression, leaves behind,  
 'Tis scatter'd like the winds that blow,  
 Boisterous as they, full as inconstant too,  
 That know not whence they come nor where  
 they go.

Here we're detain'd a while, and then  
 Become originals again ?  
 Time shall a man to his first self restore,  
 And make him entire nothing, all he was before.  
 No part of us, no remnant, shall survive !  
 And yet we impudently say, we live !  
 No ! we but ebb into ourselves again,  
 And only come to be, as we had never been.

Say, learned sage, thou that art mighty wise !  
 Unriddle me these mysteries :  
 What is the soul, the vital heat,  
 That our mean frame does animate ?  
 What is our breath, the breath of man,  
 That buoy's his nature up, and does e'en life sustain ?  
 Is it not air, an empty fume,  
 A fire that does itself consume ;

A warmth that in a heart is bred,  
 A lambent flame with heat and motion fed ?  
 Extinguish that, the whole is gone,  
 This boasted scene of life is done :  
 Away the phantom takes its flight,  
 Damn'd to a loathsome grave, and an eternal night.  
 The soul, the' immortal part we boast,  
 In one consuming minute 's lost ;  
 To its first source it must repair,  
 Scatter with winds, and flow with common air,  
 Whilst the fallen body, by a swift decay,  
 Resolves into its native clay ;  
 For dust and ashes are its second birth, [Earth.  
 And that incorporates too with its great parent,

Nor shall our names our memories survive,  
 Alas, no part of man can live !  
 The empty blasts of fame shall die,  
 And even those nothings taste mortality.  
 In vain to future ages we transmit  
 Heroic acts, and monuments of wit :  
 In vain we dear-bought honours leave,  
 To make our ashes gay, and furnish out a grave.  
 Ah, treacherous Immortality !  
 For thee our stock of youth we waste,  
 And urge on life, that ebbs too fast :  
 To purchase thee with blood, the valiant fly ;  
 And, to survive in fame, the great and glorious die.  
 Lavish of life, they squander this estate,  
 And for a poor reversion wait :  
 Bankrupts and misers to themselves they grow,  
 Embitter wretched life with toils and woe,  
 To hoard up endless fame, they know not where  
 or how.

Ah, think, my friends, how swift the minutes  
 The present day entirely is our own, [haste!  
 Then seize the blessing ere 'tis gone :  
 To-morrow, fatal sound ! since this may be our last,  
 Why do we boast of years, and sum up days ?  
 'Tis all imaginary space :  
 To-day, to-day is our inheritance,  
 'Tis all penurious Fate will give,  
 Posterity 'll to-morrow live, [hence.  
 Our sons crowd on behind, our children drive us  
 With garlands then your temples crown,  
 And lie on beds of roses down :  
 Beds of roses we 'll prepare,  
 Roses that our emblems are ;  
 A while they flourish on the bough,  
 And drink large draughts of heavenly dew :  
 Like us they smile, are young and gay,  
 And, like us too, are tenants for a day, [away.  
 Since with Night's blasting breath they vanish swift

Bring cheerful wine, and costly sweets prepare :  
 'Tis more than frenzy now to spare :  
 Let cares and business wait a while ;  
 Old age affords a thinking interval ;  
 Or, if they must a longer hearing have,  
 Bid them attend below, adjourn into the grave.  
 Then gay and sprightly wine produce,  
 Wines that wit and mirth infuse :  
 That feed, like oil, the' expiring flame,  
 Revive our drooping souls, and prop this tottering  
 frame.

That, when the grave our bodies has engross'd,  
 When virtues shall forgotten lie,  
 With all their boasted piety,  
 Honours and titles, like ourselves, be lost ;

Then our recorded vice shall flourish on,  
 And our immortal riots be for ever known.  
 This, this is what we ought to do,  
 The great design, the grand affair below !  
 Since bounteous Nature's placed our steward here,  
 Then man his grandeur should maintain,  
 And in excess of pleasure reign,  
 Keep up his character, and lord of all appear.

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### AGAINST ENJOYMENT.

WE love and hate, as restless monarchs fight,  
 Who boldly dare invade another's right: [run,  
 Yet, when through all the dangerous toils they've  
 Ignobly quit the conquests they have won ;  
 Those charming hopes, that made them valiant  
 grow,

Pall'd with enjoyment, make them cowards now.

Our passions only form our happiness,  
 Hopes still enlarge, as fears contract it less :  
 Hope with a gaudy prospect feeds the eye,  
 Soothes every sense, does with each wish comply ;  
 But false enjoyment the kind guide destroys,  
 We lose the passion in the treacherous joys.  
 Like the gay silkworm, when it pleases most,  
 In that ungrateful web it spun, 'tis lost.

Fruition only cloyes the appetite ;  
 More does the conquest, than the prize delight :  
 One victory gain'd, another fills the mind,  
 Our restless wishes cannot be confined, [know,  
 Like boisterous waves, no settled bounds they  
 Fix'd at no point, but always ebb or flow.

Who most expects, enjoys the pleasure most,  
 'Tis raised by wishes, by fruition lost :

We're charm'd with distant views of happiness,  
 But near approaches make the prospect less.  
 Wishes, like painted landscapes, best delight,  
 Whilst distance recommends them to the sight:  
 Placed afar off, they beautiful appear;  
 But show their coarse and nauseous colours near.

Thus the famed Midas, when he found his store  
 Increasing still, and would admit of more,  
 With eager arms his swelling bags he press'd;  
 And expectation only made him bless'd:  
 But, when a boundless treasure he enjoy'd,  
 And every wish was with fruition cloy'd:  
 Then damn'd to heaps, and surfeited with ore,  
 He cursed that gold he doted on before.

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AN ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

1693.

BEGIN, and strike the' harmonious lyre!  
 Let the loud instruments prepare  
 To raise our souls, and charm the ear,  
 With joys which music only can aspire!  
 Hark how the willing strings obey!  
 To consecrate this happy day,  
 Sacred to music, love, and bless'd Cecilia.  
 In lofty numbers, tuneful lays,  
 We'll celebrate the virgin's praise:  
 Her skilful hand first taught our strings to move,  
 To her this sacred art we owe,  
 Who first anticipated Heaven below,  
 And play'd the hymns on earth, that she now sings  
 above.

What moving charms each tuneful voice contains,  
 Charms that through the willing ear  
 A tide of pleasing raptures bear, [veins.  
 And with diffusive joys, run thrilling through our  
 The listening soul does sympathize,  
 And with each varied note complies :  
 While gay and sprightly airs delight,  
 Then free from cares, and unconfined,  
 It takes, in pleasing ecstasies, its flight.  
 With mournful sounds, a sadder garb it wears,  
 Indulges grief, and gives a loose to tears.

Music's the language of the bless'd above,  
 No voice but Music's can express  
 The joys that happy souls possess, [love.  
 Nor in just raptures tell the wondrous power of  
 'Tis Nature's dialect, design'd  
 To charm, and to instruct the mind.  
 Music's an universal good !  
 That does dispense its joys around,  
 In all the elegance of sound,  
 To be by men admired, by angels understood.

Let every restless passion cease to move !  
 And each tumultuous thought obey  
 The happy influence of this day,  
 For Music's unity and love.  
 Music's the soft indulger of the mind,  
 The kind diverter of our care,  
 The surest refuge mournful grief can find ;  
 A cordial to the breast, and charm to every ear.  
 Thus, when the prophet struck his tuneful lyre,  
 Saul's evil genius did retire :  
 In vain were remedies applied,  
 In vain all other arts were tried :

His hand and voice alone the charm could find,  
To heal his body, and compose his mind.

Now let the trumpet's louder voice proclaim  
A solemn jubilee :  
For ever sacred let it be,  
To skilful Jubal's, and Cecilia's name !  
Great Jubal, author of our lays,  
Who first the hidden charms of Music found ;  
And through their airy paths did trace  
The secret springs of sound ;  
When from his hollow chorded shell  
The soft melodious accents fell,  
With wonder and delight he play'd,  
While the harmonious strings his skilful hand  
obey'd.

But fair Cecilia to a pitch divine  
Improved her artful lays :  
When to the organ she her voice did join,  
In the' Almighty's praise ;  
Then choirs of listening angels stood around,  
Admired her art, and bless'd the heavenly sound.  
Her praise alone no tongue can reach,  
But in the strains herself did teach :  
Then let the voice and lyre combine,  
And in a tuneful concert join ;  
For Music's her reward and care,  
Above she' enjoys it, and protects it here.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then kindly treat this happy day,  
And grateful honours to Cecilia pay :  
To her these loved harmonious rites belong,  
To her that tunes our strings, and still inspires our  
song.



ON THE  
REPRINTING MILTON'S PROSE WORKS,  
WITH HIS POEMS.

(WRITTEN IN HIS PARADISE LOST.)

THESE sacred lines with wonder we peruse,  
And praise the flights of a seraphic Muse,  
Till thy seditious prose provokes our rage,  
And soils the beauties of thy brightest page.  
Thus, here we see transporting scenes arise,  
Heaven's radiant host, and opening paradise;  
Then trembling view the dread abyss beneath,  
Hell's horrid mansions, and the realms of Death.

Whilst here thy bold majestic numbers rise,  
And range the' embattled legions of the skies,  
With armies fill the azure plains of light,  
And paint the lively terrors of the fight,  
We own the poet worthy to rehearse  
Heaven's lasting triumphs in immortal verse:  
But when thy impious mercenary pen  
Insults the best of princes, best of men,  
Our admiration turns to just disdain,  
And we revoke the fond applause again.

Like the fallen angels in their happy state,  
Thou sharedst their nature, insolence, and fate:  
To harps divine, immortal hymns they sung,  
As sweet thy voice, as sweet thy lyre was strung.  
As they did rebels to the' Almighty grow,  
So thou profanest his image here below.  
Apostate bard! may not thy guilty ghost  
Discover, to its own eternal cost,  
That as they Heaven, thou Paradise hast lost!

TO THE  
MEMORY OF A FAIR YOUNG LADY.

1697.

WHEN black with shades this mourning vault  
appears,  
And the relenting marble flows with tears ;  
Think then what griefs a parent's bosom wound,  
Whose fatal loss enrich'd this hallow'd ground.

Strew lilies here, and myrtle wreaths prepare,  
To crown the fading triumphs of the fair :  
Here blooming youth and charming beauties lie,  
Till earth resigns them to their native sky ;  
Like china, laid for ages to refine,  
And make her body like the soul, divine.

Unmingled may the fragrant dust remain,  
No common earth the sacred sweets profane ;  
But let her urn preserve its virgin store,  
Chaste and unsullied as she lived before !

## FABLES.

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THE

## BLIND WOMAN AND HER DOCTORS.

A WEALTHY matron, now grown old,  
Was weak in every part :  
Afflicted sore with rheums and cold,  
Yet pretty sound at heart.

But most her eyes began to fail,  
Deprived of needful light :  
Nor could her spectacles avail,  
To rectify their sight.

Receipts she tried, she doctors feed,  
And spared for no advice  
Of men of skill, or quacks for need  
That practise on sore eyes.

Salves they daub'd on, and plaisters both,  
And this and that was done :  
Then flannels, and a forehead cloth,  
To bind and keep them on.

Her house, though small, was furnish'd neat,  
And every room did shine  
With pictures, tapestry, and plate,  
All rich, and wondrous fine.

Whilst they kept blind the silly soul,  
Their hands found work enough !  
They pilfer'd plate, and goods they stole,  
Till all was carried off.

When they undamm'd their patient's eyes,  
 And now, ' Pray, how 's your sight ?'  
 Cries the' other, ' This was my advice,  
 I knew 'twould set you right.'

Like a stuck pig the woman stared,  
 And up and down she run :  
 With naked house and walls quite scared,  
 She found herself undone.

' Doctors, (quoth she) your cure 's my pain,  
 For what are eyes to me ?  
 Bring salves and forehead cloths again,  
 I've nothing left to see.'

## THE MORAL.

See, injured Briton, thy unhappy case,  
 Thou patient with distemper'd eyes :  
 State-quacks but nourish the disease,  
 And thrive by treacherous advice.

If fond of the expensive pain,  
 When eighteen millions run on score :  
 Let them clap mufflers on again,  
 And physic thee of eighteen more.

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 THE FARMER AND HIS DOG.

THERE dwelt a farmer in the west,  
 As we're in story told ;  
 Whose herds were large, and flocks the best  
 That ever lined a fold.

Arm'd with a staff, his russet coat,  
And Towser by his side,  
Early and late he tuned his throat,  
And every wolf defied.

Loved Towser was his heart's delight,  
In cringe and fawning skill'd,  
Intrusted with the flocks by night,  
And guardian of the field.

' Towser, (quoth he) I'm for a fair ;  
Be regent in my room ;  
Pray of my tender flocks take care,  
And keep all safe at home.

' I know thee watchful, just, and brave,  
Right worthy such a place :  
No wily fox shall thee deceive,  
Nor wolf dare show his face.'

But ne'er did wolves a fold infest,  
At regent Towser's rate !  
He dined and supp'd upon the best,  
And frequent breakfasts ate.

The Farmer oft received advice,  
And laugh'd at the report ;  
But, coming on him by surprise,  
Just found him at the sport.

' Ingrateful beast, (quoth he) what means  
That bloody mouth and paws ?  
I know the base the treacherous stains,  
Thy breach of trust and laws.

' The fruits of my past love I see ;  
 Roger, the halter bring ;  
 E'en truss him on that pippin tree,  
 And let friend Towser swing.

' I'll spare the famish'd wolf and fox,  
 That ne'er my bounty knew :  
 But, as the guardian of my flocks,  
 This neckcloth is your due.'

## THE MORAL.

When ministers their prince abuse,  
 And on the subjects prey :  
 With ancient monarchs 'twas in use,  
 To send them Towser's way.

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 THE OWL AND THE SUN.

A SAUCY buffle-headed Owl  
 One morning on the Sun fell foul  
 Because it made him blind :  
 But by his sophistry you'll guess  
 Him not of the Athenian race,  
 But a more modern kind.

The morn was fragrant, cool, and bright,  
 The Sun illustrious with his light,  
 Dispensing warmth to all :  
 Madge on a pinnacle was got,  
 Sputtering and hooting like a sot,  
 And thus began the brawl :

‘ D’ye hear, you prince of red-faced fools !  
 Hot-headed puppy ! foe to owls !  
 Why this offensive blaze ?  
 Behind some cloud go sneak aside,  
 Your carbuncles and rubies hide,  
 And quench that flaming face.

‘ When I’m a taking the fresh air,  
 Whip in my eyes you come full glare,  
 And so much rudeness show !  
 I wonder when the modest moon  
 Would serve an Owl as you have done,  
 Or tan and burn one so !’

Bright Phœbus smiled at what was said,  
 And cried, ‘ ’Tis well, Sir Loggerhead ;  
 You’ve neither sense nor shame !  
 Because a blinking fool can ’t bear  
 An object so transcending fair,  
 The Sun must take the blame.

‘ Shall I the universe benight,  
 And rob the injured world of light,  
 Because you rail and scowl ;  
 When birds of the most abject sort  
 Deride and grin you for their sport,  
 And treat you like an Owl ?’

#### THE MORAL.

Who libel senates, and traduce the great,  
 Measure the public good by private hate :  
 Interest’s their rule of love ; fierce to oppose  
 All whom superior virtue makes their foes.

Thy merits, Rochester<sup>1</sup>, thus give offence ;  
 The guilty faction hates discerning sense : [find,  
 This Harley<sup>2</sup>, Seymour<sup>3</sup>, Howe<sup>4</sup>, and Mackworth<sup>5</sup>  
 Great eye-sores to the loud rapacious kind ;  
 But, whilst in holes addressing owls repine,  
 Bright as the Sun their patriot names will shine.

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### THE BOAR AND FOREST.

A LION, generous and brave,  
 For wars renown'd, beloved in peace ;  
 His lands in royal bounties gave,  
 And treasures much impair'd by acts of grace.

His ministers whole realms obtain'd ;  
 And courtiers, much inclined to want,  
 His manors begg'd, and forfeits gain'd,  
 With patents to confirm the royal grant.

The Boar, to show a subject's love,  
 Craved for the public good a boon,  
 His ancient forest to improve,  
 By felling trees, and cutting timber down.

' Alcoves and shady walks, (quoth he)  
 Are laid aside, become a jest ;  
 Your vistas lofty, wide, and free,  
 Are *à la mode*, and only in request.'

<sup>1</sup> Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Earl of Oxford.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset.

<sup>4</sup> John Howe, Esq. of famous memory.

<sup>5</sup> Sir Humphrey Mackworth.



The grant being pass'd, the ravenous Boar  
 A desert of the forest made :  
 Up by the roots vast oaks he tore,  
 And low on earth the princely cedars laid.

This act of violence and wrong  
 Alarum'd all the savage race ;  
 With loud complaints to court they throng,  
 Stripp'd of their shades, and ancient resting-place.

With generous rage the Lion shook,  
 And vow'd the Boar should dearly pay ;  
 ' I hate (quoth he) a down-cast look,  
 That robs the public in a friendly way.

' Unhappy groves, my empire's pride !  
 Loved solitudes, ye shades divine !  
 The rage of tempests ye defied,  
 Condemn'd to perish by a sordid swine.

' Ye rural deities, and powers unknown,  
 What can so great a loss suffice !  
 If a hung brawner will atone,  
 Accept friend Chucky for a sacrifice.'

#### THE MORAL.

The British oak's our nation's strength and pride,  
 With which triumphant o'er the main we ride ;  
 Insulting foes are by our navies awed,  
 A guard at home, our dreaded power abroad.

Like druids then your forests sacred keep,  
 Preserve with them your empire of the deep.  
 Subjects their prince's bounty oft abuse,  
 And spoil the public for their private use ;  
 But no rapacious hand should dare deface  
 The royal stores of a well-timber'd chase.

## THE FOX AND FLIES.

As crafty Reynard strove to swim  
The torrent of a rapid stream,

To gain the further side :  
Before the middle space was pass'd,  
A whirling eddy caught him fast,  
And drove him with the tide.

With vain efforts and struggling spent,  
Half drown'd, yet forced to be content,  
Poor Ren a soaking lay ;  
Till some kind ebb should set him free,  
Or chance restore that liberty  
The waves had took away.

A swarm of half-starved haggard Flies,  
With fury seized the floating prize,  
By raging hunger led ;  
With many a curse and bitter groan,  
He shook his sides, and wish'd them gone,  
Whilst plenteously they fed.

A Hedge-hog saw his evil plight ;  
Touch'd with compassion at the sight,  
Quoth he, ' To show I'm civil,  
I'll brush those swigging dogs away,  
That on thy blood remorseless prey,  
And send them to the devil.'

' No, courteous sir, (the Fox replied)  
Let them infest and gore my hide,  
With their insatiate thirst ;  
Since I such fatal wounds sustain,  
'Twill yield some pleasure midst the pain,  
To see the blood-hounds burst.'

## THE MORAL; FROM NOSTRADAMUS.

' Le sang du Juste à Londres fera sauter,  
Brusler par feu,' &c.

THUS guilty Britain to her Thames complains,  
' With royal blood defiled, O cleanse my stains !  
Whence plagues arise ! whence dire contagions  
come !

And flames that my Augusta's pride consume !'  
' In vain, (saith Thames) the Regicidal breed  
Will swarm again, by them thy land shall bleed :  
Extremest curse ! but so just Heaven decreed !  
Republicans shall Britain's treasures drain,  
Betray her monarch, and her church profane ;  
Till, gorged with spoils, with blood the leeches  
burst,

Or Tyburn add the second to the first.'



END OF VOL. XLI.



